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THE DAY ALBERTA TURNS OFF THE OIL

LETTERS

Very Kain and extremely able

I really enjoyed reading your article on Karen Kain (*The Reluctant Superstar*, Cover, Feb. 26). I am in Canada & had a lot of fun taking every opportunity to see Kain dance. I really object to the fact that someone with so great a talent is paid such a small salary. I think she should be paid at least as much as the six hockey players. Something is wrong with the way we recognize people's contribution to our society.

—MARCEL NELSON
Toronto

Inco's ire

In your article *The Acid Rain From Hell* (Canada, Feb. 23), you acknowledge that Inco has reduced its emissions but claim that "to as much the result of cutbacks in Inco's Sudbury operations as its serious attempt to reduce pollution." In fact, 50 per cent of the greater-than-50-per-cent reduction achieved since 1990 was accomplished by specific actions to reduce emissions. Only 15 per cent was due to cutbacks and those cutbacks are now incorporated in environmental regulation. Your final dig at Inco makes no sense to us whatever. Why should Inco's directors be "reassured" by *Reverence*? Canada's alleged overkill ignores to contrast the U.S. over its contribution to Canada's acid



Karen Kain: worth as much as Greta?

rain problem? After all, Inco is often blamed for acid rain that has now been shown by Ontario scientists to be imported largely from the north. Inco has long known and often stated that, to be meaningful, abatement action must be taken on a broad, international basis. We will continue to do our share.

—WALTER CULROSS
President and Chief Executive Officer,
Inco Metals Company, Toronto

Saving face

Your article *An Expressive Alternative to Facial Rejuvenation* (Lifestyles, Feb. 3) presented a new technique of cosmetic surgery as "bridging the gap between blemishes and cosmetic surgery."

This is not at all true. Expressive Plastic is a new surgical approach to cosmetic surgery which modifies the surgical procedure in order to consider both features and expression, rather than features alone. It lays down the basic rules for achieving the harmony between a corrected feature and the patient's face, personality, age, mood, etc. Nonsurgical techniques are usually there to enhance the result of surgery but will only occasionally be enough by themselves to replace it. Your magazine has a repeatedly high standard. Unfortunately, this article is an exception and the photograph published with my name underneath is of another colleague in Montreal.

—JACK NARLFAINDER
The Montreal General Hospital
Montreal

"The photograph should be Barry Gosses of Montreal. Maclean's regrets the error."

Praise indeed

Refreshing, balanced and to the point, that's how I describe Barbara Amiel's column *The Latest Trend in Consciousness* (Jan. 19). Why can't more modern journalists be this responsible?

—E. WAYNE WELSH
Sarnia, Ont.

Crystal clear

Irving Kristel's succinct observations in the article *New-Conservative Glee to America's New Order* (IQ & A, Jan. 18) put down the pseudo-intellectuals and liberals for once and for all.

—RAY MCKEYS
Winnipeg

PASSAGES



DEED Sidney Martin Blair, 83, former president and chairman of Canadian Reclut Ltd., died recently in petroleum recovery technology, but by a car near Nova Scotia home in the 1980s. Blair developed a hot-water separation system to retrieve oil from tar sands which remains in use today on the Athabasca Tar Sands Project. After retirement, Blair remained a consultant to his son Robert Blair's Nova Corp. He is also survived by his wife, coauthor Margaret Wilson.

MARRIED British comedian John Gosses, 62, to U.S. actress Barbara Tennison, 36, in Las Vegas. Gosses is the godfather member of Monty Python's Flying Circus and the media-friendly counterpart head manager of TV's *Pointless*. Tennison described their marital situation four months ago as "total captivity at first sight."

APPOINTED Harold Evans, 62, named by publisher Rupert Murdoch (Profile page 14) as editor of *The Times* of London, succeeding William Berry-Morey. A Manchester native, he has been editor of *The Sunday Times*, where he has published crusading stories since 1987.

BORN Eric Cella to Canada's former world figure skating champion Karen Magnussen and her husband, singer Tony Cella, in Winchester, Mass. At seven ft, five in., he is the first child of the Boston-based couple.



ELECTED Princess Anne, 30, as chancellor of London University is the first challenger bid for the post in the university's 144-year history. Anne was to succeed her grandmother, the Queen Mother, to the largely ceremonial post when rival groups nominated former trade union leader Jack Jones and imprisoned

South African black nationalist Nelson Mandela. Both were treated at the jail as militants across the country balked at the prospect to the throne.



DEED John Fisher, 67, a native of Buckville, N.E., known to the public as "Mr. Canada," of cancer of the pancreas at his home in Bayton Beach, Fla. A former broadcaster, he travelled the country as the Centennial commissioner from 1983-87. His former job epitomized the state of the nation earned him many honorary degrees, the service medal in the Order of Canada and the title of chief from five Indian tribes.

RETIRED Jack Cole, 68, as president and chief executive officer of Celia, the 320-outlet bookstore chain. Founded in 1983 by Jack and his brother, Carl, he joined in 1976 in Southern Inc. He is succeeded by Ronal Farnham, former Celia executive vice-president.



Morgan White.
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



More fact than fancy

Your article on the weather, *The Cold, the West and the Worm* (Environment, Feb. 22), contained one myth that may be more fact than fancy. I have heard the northern lights crackle, and I am not alone in this. Many people, from trapped scientists to scientists on the phone, and although it cannot yet be explained it cannot be denied.

—JOHN THOMPSON,
Thompson, Mass.

Raging religion

Mr. Atmore has made his point better and clearer than any other article I have ever come across on the same subject (*The Blind Who Would Lead, Poitiers, Feb. 21*). It is only through ignorance and intolerance that the Moral Majority can exist.

—BARKER, B.C.

Mr. Atmore's comments on Christianity lead one to believe that he is as arrow-straight as the members of the Moral Majority. Not all Christians are self-righteous, militant or authoritarian. Many of us deplore the Moral Majority's self-styled righteousness. I would rather be ruled by an atheist or an agnostic with a genuine love for humanity than by a "believer" with the given hypocrisy of a Jerry Falwell.

—WILLIAM VAN DER
BEEK, Ont.

I congratulate Isaac Atmore on his non-occlusive views. I really enjoy seeing someone of his stature, imagination and common sense taking a kick at the sacred cow of organized religion.

—E. CLARKE,
Victoria, B.C.

Professor Atmore has stated something that needs to be stated and restated—we may even have to resort to shouting.



Calgary's summer in winter attire

Too many people are dismissing the Moral Majority as a fanatical fringe sect to be taken seriously. If Reagan's election serves any good purpose, it may be to wake up reasonable, educated people and make them aware of the tide of ignorant emotionalism flooding our country.

—LONG, ONT.

It is sad that a gifted writer such as Atmore finds it necessary to write an article lambasting the Christian faith by quoting out of context several verses from Scripture. Moreover, he does not seem to realize that his own philosophical stance is quite identical to that of the Christian. It is based on faith.

—FRANK DERRICK,
Burnaby, B.C.

Although I am a convinced Christian, I share Atmore's reservations about the Moral Majority movement. However, he seems to be inclined to judge Christianity by its worst examples, whereas all scientists are characterized in his column as patient, honest, careful

thinkers. If Mr. Atmore wishes to judge Christianity, may I suggest he try to include not only the crusaders and the inquisitors, but such people as William Wilberforce who emancipated the slaves, Lord Shaftesbury who brought in child reform laws or Mother Teresa who labors in the slums of Calcutta. Prop. do not judge us solely on our squawks.

—T.A. CROFT-COTE,
Arboret, Sask.

Mr. Atmore must accept the fact that in a democracy the majority rules. The liberals have ruled in North America for several years now and where has it led us? To increased crime, vandalism, racial chaos and family breakdown. God has never belonged to any particular party, neither has any party a monopoly in moral righteousness. People are only searching for a better answer—as a scientist Mr. Atmore should appreciate their quest, not condemn it.

—ROBERTA WALKER,
Grand Bend, Ont.

Copiously Canadian

I feel that Leon Major is very thin ice when he criticizes the Stratford Festival's attempting to hire an English director by saying, "If art is the self-expression of a nation, then it must be prioritized by the people of that nation." (His *Applause for the Performances*, Poitiers, Jan. 20). That being so, what rationale is there for not performing works written only by Canadians? Who needs Shakespeare? If Mr. Major were not himself a theatre director trying to hide behind Ontario's artistic tariff wall, one could believe him. And doesn't he know that John Gorchs is from Hungary? Canadian, eh? Native born or naturalized, Mr. Major? And I always thought art was universal.

—RICHARD BARBER,
Montreal

Unbecoming and unCanadian

I was very disappointed to note from Peter C. Newman's editorial (*Liberalism Seeks Out—But They Still Love a Good Billy Loosh*, Jan. 26) that in his anxiety to tell anti-Trudeau jokes, he descended to the level of vulgarity displayed by the Calgary Petroleum Club. It is my opinion that the Calgary citizens, by their lack of respect for the prime minister of Canada, show themselves to be a bunch of rude, stupid, selfish and vulgar and obvious Canadians. In fact, they deserve to be called Canadians at all.

—JERRY MELDON,
Calgary

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send no correspondence to Letters to the Editor. Readers' responses to Letters to the Editor should be sent to: Letters to the Editor, The Canadian Press, 100 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5G 1A7.

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Another chance for Joe Clark?

'Once in office, they erred in neglecting the pitfalls of minority'

By Robert Lewis

Since they snatched defeat from the jaws of minority on Feb. 18, 1980, Progressive Conservatives have been haunted by one question: should Joe Clark keep his job without submitting to a leadership convention? He will have their answer this Friday, 375 painful days after the massive rout at the polls. The entire exercise—Can he win?—has no time for a "what-if" answer, the point, certainly. Like Liberals in no hurry, the PCs are members and by public opinion polls, about how to win, instead of why.

A year and nine days was probably too little time for a party to search its soul, especially where the body was so frail. Let there be no mistake about the agony. After close work in Ottawa licking his wounds, the leader returned to find a series of disasters entered in his office boardrooms to what remained of the caucus.

The wife literally tore strips off Clark's hide. In the solitary confinement of his office he sat, one foot perched on the windowsill, gazing out on the tables below. There, amid pomp and changed circumstances, Pierre Trudeau welcomed yet another visiting head of state. A chronic nervous and hubbub early riser, Clark took to "sleeping in," arriving only minutes before main events like the opening of Parliament.

It has been a long road back, and Clark has journeyed with black and grit out of keeping with the odds against him. The road isn't, barely, absolved.

From the tortured examinations about the causes of his quest, was the first mistake really that world trip in January, 1979? More likely, having become the favorite, it was sitting on the lead in the May campaign. Instead of a big, bold push for a majority in the closing week, the Conservatives had coaxed to a perilous minority, in part by living the life in the hills of the Breckinridge Columbus interest. Once in office they erred, surely, in pressing to have a mandate they never got and in neglecting the pitfalls of minority. Clark emphatically reaffirmed campaign pledges as moving the federalism embassy and scrapping Peter-Canada. He reassured himself in the manner of political appointments—seriously, in a leadership attempt to eliminate patronage.

Meanwhile, flames engulfed the forests and heated up the tempers of the hawks. One burning issue that he tackled well at the start was energy, but in the end, the elders touched off a fire storm. Starting in Tokyo in the summer of '79, Clark effectively dramatized the absurd diffusion of isolating Canadians from cartels with cheap oil. Having vowed to go along better with "his" premiers than Trudeau had, Clark set the stage, but he could not bring down the curtain. By December, there was no agreement; with Peter Lougheed and a disastrous game of chicken in the Commons with the Liberals in the budget.



In retrospect, many of the misguided moves had their roots in Clark's past. Years of serving in political back rooms with enemies made it simple to see where the enemies were in the Jerusalem embassy move—but not in anti-patrimonial industry's fury and the affront delivered to one of the most sophisticated voting blocs in the land. Clark's macho display in standing firm against Stan Schumacher at flow rivers, and losing that home-town seat, was the shift from which Trudeau and the budget vote were made. It was really inattention to grand themes that blinded him to the folly of a 34-day dash around the globe in the media glare as PM-in-waiting. The plain truth is that Joe Clark came to office with a lot of attitudes about things. He genuinely wanted a better deal for women, more say for the regions, less government in our backs. However, the question too rarely answered was why?

And yet, even though Clark was turfed from office in less time than it takes a woman to have a baby, he left behind some policies and programs that flourish to this day. He really did believe in more central government, and the measures he started made it impossible for the best-argued Liberals to put off freedom of information legislation any longer. His government made public long-range economic forecasts and revealed the true state of tax-related deficits and coverages. Clark also introduced one of the most significant reforms in the machinery of Canadian government—the "envelope" system for the first time, a cabinet was required to make a final put by agreeing collectively to a ceiling on spending, and only then carrying up the pieces for their pet projects. In the old days, strong ministers approved programs, those tried to find the money, which inevitably led to the spending of dollars that wasn't there.

Above all else, Clark seemed to relate to quite ordinary people, for he was one of them. His was a refreshing contrast to the sterner and distant style of Trudeau. He really was—was and is—a nice guy. From senior bureaucrats, grown uncomfortable with Liberal ways of doing things, were touched by his civility. Down in the political base pit, however, trying to get along can still look like snideling. The awful thought is that this trait is viewed as his most fatal flaw of all. That Clark just can't be sold on the myth of toughness. On the surface, his party should go with its instincts that he can't win again, and set in motion the search for a winning scenario who can bring the job back to power. It is equally clear that, then time, the Tories need to decide before they get there what it is they want to do. Clark is an undisciplined field of maybes and might-bees. Clark, so far, is the man with the most ideas about that. His one was there. And he will never forget.

Robert Lewis is Maclean's Ottawa bureau chief



Gary Smith, Manager Winnipeg Office

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Tough guy in the gentlemen's club

'Rupert is precisely the boss the unions deserve'

By Carol Kennedy

A few days after emerging as the successor to Lord Norcliffe, Astor and Thomson as the new owner of The Times and its sister publications in Times Newspapers Ltd, Rupert Murdoch appeared on the editorial floors in London's Gray's Inn Road. Happening to spot The Sunday Times editorial about himself for the next day's paper, Murdoch seemed it carefully and was observed to make a note in his margin. Mindful of the fiery Australian's reputation for active participation in his newspaper empire, nearby journalists watched with narrowed eyes, but all the change amounted to was two words. Murdoch, a stickler for accuracy in newspaper matters whom all had detected the omission of The Star from a list of titles published by the news group, felt the omission was a slight. He was the son of a newspaper editor, and he knew it.



Murdoch: 'the dirty dagger'

Protesting too much? Some might think so, though the question of editorial governance was not the focus for the 46-year-old publisher, nicknamed "the dirty dagger" by the national magazine Private Eye for his sex-and-sensation methods of selling newspapers. Yet Evans' touch of overall was to point of the way many people around Murdoch tend to believe. They are either fiercely defensive or fiercely vengeful, but there's always an edge, a careful choosing of words even by sympathisers, as if the Murdoch force might suddenly be turned off with one flick.

Murdoch is a small, dagger man with a penetrating gaze under heavy-lidded already belated of narcissism. He is a man whose success is the generally made of British press barons. Since he erupted onto Fleet Street in 1968 to buy the ailing Sun newspaper and turned it into a maelstrom of scandal, sport and sex-madness Murdoch has been systematically shouldered by London society. Murdoch offered succession rights to his eldest son, James, when he published Christine Keeler's memoir in his Sun-

day paper, The News of the World, also acquired in the late 1960s.

At bottom, however, no one really knows what makes Rupert run, beyond the conventional theory that his hectic and often ruthless ascent in newspaper empires on three continents is all to do with proving himself a man so much like his father, Sir Keith Murdoch, a legendary First World War correspondent and publisher of the Melbourne Herald press, the largest in Australia. He has no known leisure interests apart from his family—Anna, his wife, and two young children whom he planned to raise in Australia until The Times deal came along. Born in Melbourne, Australia, March 11, 1918, to the wealthy and socially prominent Murdochs, Rupert attended classic Gresham School, Oxford, then Oxford. After Oxford he cut his journalistic teeth on The Daily Express, a now-defunct news chronicle. (Murdoch, it is universally agreed in the trade, is a journalist at heart, haggard as an editor on deadline

or making around in his shirt-sleeves, hoped on the excitement of a breaking story.) Rupert, however, soon had to return to Australia; his father died in 1962, and all he left after death duties were paid was one small Adelaide paper, The News and Sunday Mail. Taking on the tough Aussie press proprietors, Murdoch fought a series of takeover battles which in 28 years have established him in parity that inheritance into a £125-million empire of publishing, TV and industrial interests. With a couple of Times papers under his belt, Murdoch hit New York in 1970 like a missile, taking over the faded New York Daily Post for a reported \$55 million, and quickly adding Nine Post magazine and the radical, quality Village Voice in the process. He left a trail of angry and wounded editorial bosses in his wake.

But Alexander Cockburn, Village Voice editor and Murdoch critic, says the Voice after four years of Murdoch remains diametrically opposed to many of his views—an opinion and its coverage of the homosexual scene, for example. However, the Post, says Cockburn, writing in London's Times, that respects, his success under Murdoch's ownership "a truly brotherly paper, vigorous in social effort and skilled in its reactionary political passion."

Few doubt it will be a different Times under Murdoch, though changes may be slow and aren't likely to include The Sun's page 3 males. Murdoch's biggest challenge remains the wasteful overrunning and reluctance to adopt new technology which has been straining the British press for years. Murdoch's great trump card in a highly "no-and-then" industry is that he is totally clueless as rough and tough as the formidable print union.

Lord Cadogan, who as Hugh Cadogan was chairman of the International Publishing Corporation (IPC) that controlled The Sun newspaper before Murdoch's take-over, said last week: "You can argue about his editorial standards but who can deny that he is the smartest business executive in the publishing world?" I applied his acquisition of The Times, The Sunday Times and their satellite periodicals. Rupert is precisely the boss the unions deserve after their treatment of the generous and tolerant Times editor. The question is not how far Rupert Murdoch will change The Times but how far The Times will change Rupert Murdoch. ♦

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Man's best friend has pull where it counts

'Driving dogs is addictive – it just gets in your blood'



of five to seven dogs that he can race in this class than a team twice that size for the unlimited- or open-class event. With racing-bred pups selling at \$250 to \$300 each and a good team costing a beginner between \$10,000 and \$20,000, sponsors are now sought by many members to enable them to cope with costs.

It was disconcerting warnings that prompted Alaskans Joe Redding and Dorothy Page to launch, in 1973, what is considered to be the longest dog-rushing race in the world—the Iditarod, the Le Nanao of dog-rushing. "We decided we needed something other than work for the team because snow machines were starting to replace dog teams and expenses were just making it too difficult to keep 'em in feed," says Redding. This year two Canadians are entering the 1,200-km race that starts March 7 in Anchorage, Alaska, and ends two to three weeks later at the southwestern edge of the Bering Pen-

Start of race (left); number Dick
Eckbreun (bottom left); dog transport
feeling of quick gain in feeding



By Katherine Lawrence

In tobing three strong men and the weather himself to build a team of 12 certified sled dogs at the starting line. The crowd of waiting for the race to start is worse than the cold Yukon morning, and Paul Sheridan is ready to grip his harnesses worn against the cold. He is a 30-year-old man with a grizzled beard and a mustache that grips the handlebars of his sleigh, the crowd roars, his dogs strain their necks forward and, with the sudden release of the sled brake, they're off. "Driver dogs are addicts," says Sheridan. "It just gets better and better." In 50 minutes, he'll be driving 30 km on 50 minutes, beating the four other members. The next day he repays his winning performance and returns home from the local town \$100 richer. But the feeling of quick gain is fleeting, like every other man with such a hand in the sled dog business. The race dog and will contrast to the rest of the world.

Sheridan maintains about 60 racing dogs on which he spent \$8,000 last year in feed, harnesses, veterinarian's bills and travel expenses. A former high school teacher, he has been driving sled dogs since 1968 and has operated a kennel since 1971. "There are very few people who can expect success with prize money," he says. Indeed, last year Sheridans collected only \$3,000. "You support your hobby with your work," he explains.

With equipment, food and fuel costs

Meanwhile, only the truly committed musher can afford to carry on. Lorriva Sobush, the 56-year-old president of the Yuba Dog Menace Association, says her new costs her \$200 per month to feed 25 dogs, while her winnings last year amounted to only 10 per cent of her total expenses. "Rogues is one reason why more people are running the limited [lower dogs] class," says Sobush, who was named on cold weather and wild animals as a trapper's daughter. Sheridan agrees. High costs, they say, are hastening the disappearance of unlimited-class racing. It is more economical for a musher to keep a small team

Yukon mushers Larry Cowboyc Smith and Bill Thomson have posted the \$1,600 (U.S.) entry fee to enter the race which, even if they don't finish, will always give them a respected status among mushers. Smith, a retired rodeo rider who trags in the winter and runs a tagboat for gold miners up the Yukon River in the summer, placed 13th in the Iditarod last year, with a time of 15 days and eight hours.

Bill Thomson, a retired Standard Oil executive and local justice of the peace, is being sponsored by his former company in exchange for publicity. Standard Oil will use in its internal magazine, *Life South*, Thomson losing driving his pumshed Eskimo dogs and Alaskan Malamutes, but has no real desire to walk away with any of the \$100,000 prize money distributed over the first 30 placings. "To go into the thing with any aspiration of winning would be astirve," he says, relaxing in his own

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At home, freight dogs trot forever

fortable, fully equipped log home, while his dogs yelp a few choruses outside. Thorncroft started breeding Malamutes after he got caught on a mountainside for a week during a sheep-hunting trip. A persistent snowstorm made it impossible for him to be rescued by air. "What I should have had with me was a couple of Malamutes!" Once safely home, he bought a bitch and started breeding. He now owns about two dozen dogs, training them during the summer by leaving them with a stripped-down Volkswagen chassis. "I'm really lucky if they do eight m.p.h. I don't want them to run—they can only run for two or three miles and they've had the best of it. I like them to trot. They're freight dogs, not race dogs, but they can trot forever."

The two Canadian entrants will join 50 members from all over the U.S., Switzerland and even New Zealand when the race begins. By that time, their entry fee will have looked after the cost of flying dog food, people food and incidentals to four distribution points, and these supplies will be available at various stops along the 27 checkpoints which bear names like Unalakleet, Shageluk and Anvik. The contestants will have to make camp for 16 hours at one checkpoint along the trail for a much-needed rest, and if any of their dogs (Smith is taking 13 or 14 dogs and Thorncroft is taking a team of 11) become ill, the Midland Trail Committee will ensure that the animal is flown out and cared for. "There's nothing like this race," says Smith. "When you put these animals down that Arctic area, you know that, in those last hundred miles, in front of you are the toughest men that ever walked the face of the earth."

They may be tough, but every member must have on hand eight little booties for each dog to protect the puffed paws. Members may be a breed of sportsman, supervisors to the less romantic side of driving sled dog teams, but the dogs know who their best friends are. ♦

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On the 35-year-old trail of a missing war hero



It is up to us to do two things: save Wallenberg, or, if he's dead, stop the Soviets from seizing face'

Ronald Wallenberg has been called one of the great heroes of the century for his remarkable bravery in saving some 100,000 Jews from Nazi extermination in the Second World War. The Swedish businessman has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize, as well as for the title "Honorary American"—an distinction he would share only with the Winston Churchill and the French General de Laffayette. Wallenberg was last seen by associates in 1945, when officers of the Soviet army in Budapest took him away for questioning. Since then, prisoners released from Soviet jails have carried stories of seeing the "Swede from Budapest," hearing of him or speaking with him. At first, Soviet officials dismissed any knowledge of Wallenberg. Then, in 1957, Moscow issued a letter stating that Wallenberg had been wrongfully arrested in the Stalin era, and that he had died in Moscow's Lubyanka Prison in July, 1957. That letter was scrubbed closely last month at the Knesset Wallenberg Hearing in Stockholm, Sweden, an event that is just part of a larger campaign to find the truth

about Wallenberg, who would be 68 if he is alive. Yuri Lurji, an expert in Soviet law, was invited to participate as a panel member at the hearing. Lurji was a lawyer before emigrating from the Soviet Union to Canada in 1974, and now teaches law at the University of Western Ontario and at Osgoode Hall Law School. He speaks with Maclean's front section editor Michael Chabon.

Maclean's: What occurred at the Wallenberg hearing in Stockholm?

Lurji: There was new evidence that Raoul Wallenberg is alive, but more important was that for the first time I saw a copy of the Russian version of the letter of 1957. It was signed by Andrei Gromyko, now foreign minister. There are some indications that this is a phony letter. The letter included the full text of the Russian report of Wallenberg's death, which begins "Report on the prisoner known to you as Wallenberg." It is very important that there is no first name in that phrase, and that Wallenberg here has one "I." In the report, the chief of Lubyanka's criminal

section asks the state security minister who should conduct the autopsy on "Wallenberg." Now that is very strange, since it was the medical chief's job to assign such autopsies. And I really doubt that he would send such a report to bypass the man responsible for the jail and send it straight to the minister. I believe it is a phony document.

Maclean's: Why would such a document be faked?

Lurji: To make the statement of Wallenberg's death more plausible. But let's suppose the letter is true, for the sake of argument. Okay, so we know that someone whose name is Wallenberg (with only one "T"), with no age, nationality or first name, died. We do not know how many Wallenbergs were jailed in the U.S.S.R. They could be of any nationality and it does not suggest that it was our Wallenberg. Don't forget, when this letter was written in 1957, nobody knew how plausible it looked, because how could the Swedish government check it? Who could predict the wave of emigration from the Soviet Union in the '70s, which would release experts capable of commenting on the plausibility of such a document?

Maclean's: What if Wallenberg had died, and there is no documentation? How could the Soviets satisfy you then?

Lurji: If I worked at some big jail where hundreds died, and could not produce a dossier on a particular prisoner, that would be my last day at large. So it is absolutely impossible that they didn't have his registration and so on.

Maclean's: If the Soviets were to change their story or even produce a still-living Wallenberg, they would lose enormous face.

Lurji: The sad thing is that it was Gromyko who signed the letter back in 1957. He was simply a deputy of the foreign minister then, but now he is a member of the Soviet Central Olympic. He is one of the guys who never makes mistakes. One columnist in Sweden said that until Gromyko is out of power, they do not expect any positive change in the Soviet approach to Wallenberg's fate.

Maclean's: What sort of evidence have you that Wallenberg did not die in July, 1957, or the Soviets claim?

Lurji: Much of the evidence is not only hearsay, but second-hand hearsay. You must realize that Wallenberg was usually kept in isolation, so to find witnesses who will say "Sure, we played Ping-Pong together" is impossible. This is why the so-called hearsay evidence is not distinguished in importance, especially since there are so many such accounts—about 30 in all. They are independent but they are corroborated. Together they cry, they shout. One witness we heard was an Andrei Skumovich, who was arrested in 1950 and spent 27 years in Soviet prisons as a spy.

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CAFÉ DE PARIS
BY MCGUINNESS

CANADA

The day they turn it off

If the storm clouds don't blow over, there could be economic civil war

By Robert Lewis

The thin cover of windproof leaves on the flat land south-west of Edmonton is a vivid carpet of contrast for the black pumps, their broad beams and pointed heads bobbing in slow motion like grasshoppers around an arena floor. In inches West, the last gas goes to suck Alberta crude oil up a mile-long straw at the Leduc-Woodhead field. With 1,200 wells ranging over 16 km at the longest stretch, the field is neither the largest nor the most productive of the 300 that serve as a collar for all Alberta. But it is one of the most famous. On Feb. 13, 1947, Imperial brought in Leduc No. 1, the first big commercial find in Western Canada and the gusher that began transforming Alberta into the richest—and now most defiant—member of the federation.

Leduc No. 1 is silent now, the newly painted pump merely a monument to history and testimony to the dwindling reserves of conventional oil. "While earthy pressure and man's ingenuity could continue the flow from the rest of the field into the next century, storm clouds with political seeds are gathering over Leduc and the rest of Alberta's Oil Patch. If they don't blow over, the resulting devastation could amount to an economic civil war between West and East.

Next week, barring a totally unexpected breakthrough in the year-long dispute over oil prices, operators of two Leduc pools—and 448 others in the province—will slow the rate of the oil flow from the fields to the refineries. They will do so under strictest order from the provincial government, which regulates every step of the industry in Alberta, from geological

survey to pipelines (see story, page 38). The mechanism is as intricate web of agencies and laws that enables Alberta—and a half-dozen men in Premier Peter Lougheed's inner circle—to control oil from the time it comes out of the ground until it reaches the pipeline terminals in Edmonton, for shipment to

back is greeted among the various fields.

The outbreak, which takes place March 1, is Alberta's response to the federal budget and National Energy Program announced last October (Newsline, Nov. 10). The first phase will amount to about 100,000 barrels a day (b/d) and forms Ottawa's National Energy Board to allocate supplies in Ontario and Quebec. Refineries will probably supply their plants in Ontario with crude on hand, bringing imports into Montreal through the pipeline from Port Arthur. (See story, page 22) But Lougheed threatens added cuts in two further stages, up to 180,000 b/d by year's end, unless Ottawa agrees to his terms—which as far have been rejected.



refineries in the rest of the nation (see map).

There will be no failure to mark the outbreak, not even a big valve to close. The oil-gathering system, in fact, is an intricate network of pipes leading from wellheads to generating plants. At each of the 400 fields involved in the cuts, the flow can be controlled from metered-pump jacks kilometers from the pumps with the push of a button. The total cut-

At the other end of the pipeline to Ontario and Quebec—OEC is expected—there is no immediate panic. Over all, the three-part cut is only 15 per cent of Alberta production. Refineries in Sarnia, Oakville and Montreal do not expect shortages for now, since the companies keep a 60-day reserve under international agreement. But even a cut of 60,000 Alberta barrels will send them into world markets to make up the shortfall. With cracker prices now more than double the Canadian price of \$17.75 per barrel, the scramble for imported crude will cost shippers an extra \$1 a celloise a day—the amount the federal treasury will pay refineries under the Oil Import Compensation Program, which subsidizes the purchase of world crude for the East at Canadian prices. (The cost for compensation in 1980 was \$3.2 billion.)

The federal cabinet meets this week in Ottawa to decide how to raise the additional funds, albeit a small percentage of national expenditures. One option is to pay refineries out of general revenues, which ministers may reject as unpalatable given the federal deficit of \$3.5 billion and the possible loss of \$500 million for a year's oil market. The other course that Energy Minister Marc Lalonde planned to place on the table is an increase in

*Wells shut down in 1975, Leduc No. 1 has produced 120,000 barrels of oil, 111 million gallons and 425 million cubic feet of natural gas (the equivalent of 1,544 thousand gallons of fuel oil). Alberta production last year: 241 million barrels of conventional oil, 170 per cent of Canadian supply and 1.3 billion cubic feet of gas.

Maclean's
MAGAZINE



taxes at the pump. To cover the extra compensation on 60,000 imported barrels, for example, gasoline would have to rise about two cents per gallon—more if refiners have to start paying spot prices above the going rate.

Any new levy would be one of the most controversial since compensation first started in 1954. It would apply at all pumps—and fuel oil markets—across the land. Ottawa would portage the tax as the direct result of Alberta's anti-Leigh-Smith's Levy. In effect, Alberta, already resentful about their usage in Eastern Canada as greedy petrostates, could become targets for further abuse. That, in turn, could provide Leighton to escalate his push for "moderate independence" from Ottawa and give the argument a needed boost at a time when their cause seems moribund.

The long-term prospects are ugly. As Alberta escalates the rate of cutbacks, driving up the cost for more exports, Ottawa might be pressured by Central Canadian constituents to step in and effectively wrest control of oil delivery from Alberta. Since part of Leighton's counteroffensive is also a bid for approval of two major oil sands plants in northeastern Alberta—they offer hope for replacing conventional oil sources after 1990—and the companies insist on a decision by summer, Ottawa might not accidentally get the projects going. That scenario, warns a level-headed Edmonton businessman, could lead to seces-

Booming oil pump, gas flare and (inset) Edmonton pumping station allowing the flow from 440 oil pools



cession of pipelines and other facilities.

It is a time for cool heads, but a period of hot passions. The issue is money and power—\$600 billion in petroleum revenues over the next decade. In Ottawa, beer-swigging Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau warns of "a very drastic decentralization" of power and assets. "I wish it should be arrested." "Oh, Ottawa argues, is too special for the proceeds to fall so overwhelmingly to one province. Fully 66 per cent of Alberta revenues come from resources, and 30 per cent is channelled into the Heritage Fund, now at \$5 billion.

Leahy is fond of noting that, in 1978, per capita income from resource revenue was \$1,000 in Alberta, and \$18 in Ontario. That same year, oil industry profits were \$4.1 billion, an increase of 54 per cent in one year. Accordingly, Ottawa proposes to increase its share of oil revenues from 10 to at least 16 per cent, to reduce industry's take to 32 per cent from 45 and Alberta's to 43 per cent from 45. Through the National Energy Program (NEP) Ottawa also wants to increase Canadian ownership, now only 50 per cent, to 59 per cent by 1990 and to encourage exploration in federal lands in the Arctic, over which Ottawa claims jurisdiction.

Leighton sees the scheme—with an eight-per-cent tax on anything less than an attempt to spend the industry for Canadian take-over bids and an annual provincial ownership of resources. He charges that "a small selfish group in Ottawa" seeks to derail Alberta as "the economic engine" for the nation. He acknowledges that in the industry "we're all blind," but admonishes his people to "weather the storm."

The clash is more than a divergence of two views of the country. It also is rooted in two conflicting political ideologies—on the one hand, Ottawa's Glibbertian interventionism, and on the other,

from Texas, even the technology of extracting oil quickly was imported from the U.S. Alberta's base has been to help the industry, not to dictate. The industry, and its sprawling work force, responds in kind. In Alberta these days, including the editorial press, there is an almost singular demand to be with or against us." Edmonton publisher Mel Hartig fears that his lonely but valuable support for Trudeau's constitutional package may endanger his deal with the Alberta government to produce a new Canadian encyclopedia using Heritage Fund money.

So far, Leighton seems to have rallied the voters. At times an eastern visitor has the sense of a people already separated psychologically. A Petro-Canada official calls an effort in Edmonton and is informed that he is "not of the country"—in fact, doing business in Saskatchewan. Yet, with the dimensions of the conflict looming, debates are erupting. Increasingly, folks grumble that it's time for both sides to sit down and talk turkey. There are also cracks in the industry's wall of resistance. Bob Blair, president of Nova Corp., tangled with Leighton after the premier rebuffed Nova for his qualified support of the NEP. Robert Brown, president of Turbo Resources Ltd., which is integrated from wellhead to retail pump, wonders that once the NEP is in place almost will of course live by the rules which, he felt not, are more onerous in other parts of the globe. Chertoff Development Co. Ltd. even sought to increase its Canadian ownership by asking Edmonton to invest \$20 million from the Heritage Fund—but the bid was rejected because the province doesn't want to relieve any pain inflicted by Ottawa.

Battling over basics

Energy Minister Marc Lalonde counters orders from Pierre Trudeau and begs a reporter from talking to one of his officials. When two aides meet in Ottawa, a junior federal bureaucrat suggests lunch in a "safe" restaurant where they can talk without being overheard. In speeches, briefings and slick brochures, Marc Lalonde's Edmonton energy appointee cracks out a tightly controlled line.

The thunder and tactics are the modern equivalent of guerrilla war. "Both sides," notes an Calgary banker, "know how big the stakes are, and neither is going to blink until the last minute." On the table are the economic terms for an agreement for oil and gas prices and, indirectly, the matter of who will con-



Lalonde; Leitch: controlling the flow

trol the economic development of the nation into the next century. The impasse, which enters its second year next month, revolves around these issues. **Prices.** Alberta seeks to encourage exploration with a faster move to world prices. Ottawa balks because it doesn't promises to restrain prices, a popular notion in Quebec and Ontario. Ottawa

here is no doubt that the NEP is having an adverse effect, that thousands of jobs are threatened along with future energy security. Drilling rigs are being moved to the U.S. where prices are depressed, although the trend began before the very business of big reserves of national gas shut in for lack of markets.

The reason many often have taken things so personally is that it is so personal. The NEP threatens their very way of life—now that it is full of evident and ugly-making risks and plays, but no regrets with huge financial rewards and



Drilling a well, sparse clouds that could dry up the Alberta Oil Patch

may go along with Edmonton—but only with the passage of time and support from Ontario Premier Bill Davis. **Taxes.** Ottawa imposed a new tax on all natural gas sales in the Ontario budget. Edmonton says it is the dreaded export tax by another name and is fighting the levy in the Alberta courts. Edmonton further charges that companies will be driven away by the new eight-per-cent tax on net operating income. Ottawa counters with exploration incentives for firms that can show majority Canadian ownership.

Sharma. Ottawa proposes to use its increased take for energy development throughout the nation, from Alberta oil sands to a Maritime pipeline. Leighton wants to protect Alberta's share and, in effect, to help fund major projects from his office. Alberta doesn't even accept Ottawa's definition. This is the inherent matter because it poses the fundamental question: who will make Canada run?

be done. "Well," he responds, "nobody could shoot Pierre Trudeau." In fact, when Lalonde paid a recent visit to Calgary, he said he saw development, where a receptive crowd surprised Alberta government "types" nearby was reportedly tighter than steel.

Short of the maximum, however, there is a long-running sense of western grievance against the East—the conviction, as Leighton puts it, that the feds "renewance they have to enter to Quebec and Ontario to stay in office." From Leighton, who watched the disappearance of his family's fortune as a boy, and Energy Minister Marc Leitch, whose folks literally were blown off the Saskatchewan plains during the Dust Bowl, to Wayne Miron, head of the all-province Alberta Petroleum Marketing Consortium (APMC), there is a resolve that the fruits of today's resources—even those invested at low

yards in Eastern Canada will be used for Vancouver's children. It is probably only coincidence that several key players have big families. Nixon, himself the father of seven, is an oil grad and opted to return to Alberta after a stint in Brazil with Enroute. Reflecting on the history of greed and avarice in energy pricing, he laughs. "This time,

the East will have to accommodate. Besides, if the government doesn't hang in and fight, the people of Alberta will turn them out." Does Longhead worry about reaction outside Alberta? "The majority of Canadians," replied the premier, "would say: 'Our energy situation is in a mess. Stop Ottawa. What are you going to do about it?'"

An refinery by night mixing a cocktail of high-grade Alberta crude and imports



Who, what, why, where and when in the Oil Patch

Wheeling and dealing is 'what everybody thinks we do'

By Robert Lewis

In the 1950s, oil companies operating in Alberta's Turner Valley fared "worse" gas than wells in their pursuit of oil, creating a glow in the sky that could be seen in Calgary, 30 km away. The industry now knows the action was like popping a bottle of soda and letting it off: the gas cooed a vast, unknown field of oil, much of which remains in the ground for lack of natural pressure from the gas cap.

In 1949, Imperial tapped the deep oil and the Social Credit government of W.H. (Bible Bill) Aberhart established a board to regulate production.

Today the successor agency is known as the Alberta Energy Resources Conservation Board (AERCB)—and it approves every step of the hunt for oil and gas in Alberta, from the routine granting of well licenses (more than 6,000 last year), to stipulating cleanup procedures for well abandonment. Forty years after the waste in Turner Valley, the board now approves reclamation of gas into the ground, a kind of regeneration that can raise oil recovery rates from 20 per cent of a pool to 40 per cent. The more costly "enhanced recovery," subsidised by government, forces chemicals or steam into a pool and can raise the return to 60 per cent. The board's major assignment is to hear industry's

The taming of the crude

The spine in the east end of Montreal, a city famous for its situation, indicates only the goal of this. This is the largest refining centre. These spires are catalytic "crackers," and each day they can split 600,000 barrels of crude oil molecules into gasoline, heating oil and an array of other products which meet more than a third of Canada's petroleum demand. This is the home of the crude oil "cocktail," in which high-grade Alberta crude leaves some of the heavier, more sulphurous imported oil. It is here that refinery managers worry most about Alberta's production cuts.

"Longhead is part accelerating the future," says Camille Hamaker, assistant manager of Imperial Oil's refinery. His plant runs on two-thirds Alberta crude, but that fraction has been falling in recent years with dwindling Alberta reserves. Imperial has curtailed the refinery to taking more foreign crude in its mix because, being at the end of the

monthly requirements and set maximum allowable production levels, protected among fields. It also makes recommendations to cabinet on major projects such as petrochemical plants and oil sands developments.

The "conservation" scheme, in fact, allows the provinces to maximize revenues from depleting reserves of conventional oil. Since 1950 the province has owned mineral rights under the surface which it leases to companies at "land sales" for fixed periods. Only 15 per cent of Alberta oil and gas rights are freehold—acquired by individuals and companies before 1950.

To ensure the best markets and to up the ante in the energy dispute with Ottawa, the province established the Alberta Petroleum Marketing Commission (APMC) in 1953. Under new powers granted by the legislature last fall, with only one dissenting voice (MLA Grant Stedley), the commission not only takes over at the "wildcat," where oil and gas are separated at where natural gas is piped in from the field, it now delivers to refineries in Alberta at rate the interprovincial pipeline. A series of congressional bank transactions at the Toronto-Dominion Bank in Calgary enables the province to "buy" oil and gas at the wellhead, charge companies for shipment, then "sell" it back to company refineries. One exception is Petro-Canada, which, under federal government funding Ottawa's backing endorses the Longhead government,

Alberta pipelines. Montreal will bear the brunt of the new shortage. "If Alberta sends 100,000 barrels," says Hamaker, "we import 100,000 barrels." Only in Montreal is Alberta oil mixed with foreign; half the city's crude is oil-loaded from tankers in Portland, Me., and piped north to Canada. The refinery in Ontario do not have that option since the St. Lawrence Seaway cannot handle the giant tankers. When Newfoundland crude comes to market the oil flow may be reversed, but that is a decade away.

Getting the right "mix" of crude oils means refineries must perform a delicate balancing act. "The best analogy is with the meat business," says Salvisio Cales, Imperial's supply and quality control supervisor. "The objective of the industry is to maximize the better cuts and minimize the poorer ones. That's new as stay comparisons." Naturally, the better crude oils are in shortest supply. Hamaker reports his requirements to Imperial's head office in Toronto which, in turn, puts in a supply request to its U.S. parent company, Exxon. From New York, the order goes out to suppliers in the Middle East or Venezuela, 20 tanker-days away from Portland. An order from Calgary takes

35 days to make its way out through the pipeline. Supply forecasting becomes as much an exercise in extrapolation, for a refinery cannot simply stop and wait.

The Montreal refineries foresee no great problems with Alberta's first cut of 100,000 barrels because, thanks to the worldwide recession, there is enough quality crude on the market to meet demand. There is also an abundance of refined oil products. "We've already had offers," reports a spokesman for Texas Canada. All bets are off, however, should the cuts run to the full 100,000 barrels, scheduled to occur by next September—15 per cent of Alberta's production. At that stage, Hamaker wonders if Imperial will have to ask the Montreal Urban Community to reduce its pollution standards to his company can market the heavier sulphurous crudes still in wide supply. And more of the heavy oil would be needed to replace the lighter, more efficient, Alberta crude. For all that, the consumers will pay more at the pump. But as Hamaker says, it is all part of the accelerated future in an oil-rich world.

—IAN ANDERSON

With Alex from Bill Douglas

east sales. Fully \$1.7 billion will be allocated under a budget of the Heritage Fund. All of which still leaves the province with an enviable budgetary surplus.

The magnitude of numbers is in keeping with the industry. By its profits it is known, but other statistics are equally staggering. 100,000 km of pipeline, a payroll of \$20.900 exploration spending in 1980 of \$3.6 billion. When Bob Barr's Nova Corp. recently changed the company logo—using an *Acadiana* design firm—the cost was \$2 million, less than a day's revenue. Enbridge's Cold Lake oil sands project, awaiting Alberta approval, is now expected to cost \$13 billion. *Canada's*

Even the small, casual deals are enlightening for folks whose major challenge is the monthly bank statement. Every last is president of Clarus Petroleum Ltd. which, with net operating income of \$10 million a year, is ranked about 50th in the industry. Last spring he was having dinner at the home of an oil friend and learned that cash-rich Columbia Gas was offering a "farm-out" of 20 per cent of its natural holdings. Last eventually plunked down \$10 million to be paid over three years and, in return, acquired 10 per cent of the ac-



Milson, Melnick and Last: 'The title to that oil has never left the hands of the government of Alberta.'

because the plant proposed that it would use Alberta crude in competition with Alberta refineries. Petrose obtains most of its oil from freeholders in Alberta.

The main point of the APMC, notes Chairman Wayne Milson, is to ensure that "the title to that oil has never left the hands of the government of Alberta." This could be the crucial decision in any court test of Alberta's marketing scheme. Says legal scholars, including ex-Longhead lawyer, William H. Bailey, who claims the system borders on interference with interprovincial trade, a federal jurisdiction.

The industry has nothing but praise for Alberta's oil and gas regime—in part because it is their enemy, in part because they play a major role in supplying the base data. Conservation

Board Chairman Tony Milson once summed up the relationship when he allowed: "There is no conflict between industry and the board." Among forty farmers and ranchers there is growing criticism that companies are allowed to explore on their lands, with appeals on compensation heard after the fact. The board, however, has a world-risk regulation and frequently hosts court officials for consultations. Henry Melnick's energy department, Deputy Minister Barry Melnick, a geologist, is regarded as by Ottawa bureaucrats as a highly professional and dedicated shop.

And why not? Alberta's resource revenues for 1980-81 will amount for 37 per cent of its budget, or \$6.4 billion. The total includes \$1.6 billion in royalties on crude, natural gas and synthetic oil and \$900 million from the sale of min-

eral—mainly in the rugged foothills known as "elephant country" because of the tormented geological formations. While Clarence's serious plays are going for \$25 million a acre, the oil in the Saskatchewan-North Dakota border (60 oil wells planned). Last concludes the Columbia whistling and dealing is "what everybody thinks we do." Last does confirm one popular impression about the oil business: "It's all based on the old boy network."

According to geological theory, the true origins of oil and gas go back some 500 million years when ancient sea covered the continents. They creatures and

* 67 of the other producing provinces, the rate in 1979 was 54 per cent in Saskatchewan and eight per cent in B.C.



Some storage tanks and (inset) pioneer Turner Valley wells. Ontario production peaked last year



Canada's first producing oil well came on in 1862, but the first boom didn't hit until 1904 in Turner Valley. Meanwhile, the Americans were well along in the search for oil. The first big strike was in Titusville, Penn., the year after the Williams find at Oil Springs. With later major discoveries in Texas, Canada became a heavy importer of crude, until Leduc in 1947 ushered in domestic supplies.

planes drifted to the bottom, forcing into sedimentary rock over many centuries. The earth's pressure, heat and radioactivity, it is thought, transformed the leavings into gas and liquid hydrocarbons. Deposits of oil and gas were literally squeezed from the rock as the layers shifted above. The oil and gas that reached the surface eventually evaporated, turning into bitumen, the source of the vast oil sands deposits. The rest was trapped by various geological formations at different depths.

Ontario, now the main user of Alberta crude, was the site of North America's first commercial oil well. Brothers Charles and Henry Tripp set up a fire in 1882 to make asphalt from two "gas beds" bubbling up at Oil Springs in Canada West. When that failed, the Tripps sold 800 acres to James Miller Williams, a carriage-maker born in Camden, N.J. in 1848. Williams struck oil with a primitive drill at only 18 metres. Within two years, Oil Springs had 4,600 people, nine hotels, two general stores, two banks and a newspaper. With bigger discoveries at nearby Petrolia, refineries opened in Toronto and Hamilton to make kerosene, the properties of which had been discovered by Nova Scotia chemist-inventor Abraham Gesner. In 1889, a small complex of Ontario refineries amalgamated to form the Imperial Oil Co., later bought out by John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil in the U.S. Gesner's U.S. company, meanwhile, passed into the hands of Standard, where Gesner, having sold his patents, became an employee. At 820 mtpa, Ontario's production peaked last year—just before the first commercial cars were sold. Oil Springs and Petrolia

couldn't keep up with the demand. Charles Furber & Co. and his father, Charles Sr., still operate 146 wells in Oil Springs and sell 14,000 barrels a year to Imperial. But the family business is gone now and the town's population has dropped to 700.

In Alberta, meanwhile, a Canadian Pacific Railway crew digging for water hit natural gas near Medicine Hat in 1885. The well caught fire and the German baron. The gas subsequently was used to fire the boiler for a sound well—and it struck water. Waters

The little records that Noah's Ark was coated with pitch. The Egyptians waterproofed the pyramids and embalmed their dead with asphalt. In the modern era, petroleum is the source of fuel for cars and homes and the base for some 2,000 products ranging from plastic to cosmetics. In the current climate, the most anxious use of oil was in ancient Greece. Herodotus records that foxes were ransomed when oil was poured on the coasts—and set afire.

With files from Jim Cunningham in Toronto.



What Clark faces: a new poll reports

Joe Clark will survive this weekend's vote on his continued leadership of the Progressive Conservative party, but his victory margin will not be large enough to prevent severe damage to his political credibility both in Parliament and in his party. That is the assessment of a survey of one-third of the delegates who will attend the Tory convention in Ottawa. The poll was conducted last week for Macdonald and Global Television by the Carleton University school of journalism.

The telephone survey of 711 delegates reveals that 25 per cent now favor calling an immediate leadership review.



Clark, Charest, Mulroney, Leachman: worried around for another year or so



tion. Against a leadership review stand 46 per cent of the delegates, while 27 per cent are undecided or will not commit themselves. If one factors out that last group, Clark's leadership is now effectively opposed by 34 per cent of his party. The latest poll for Clark in the survey's revelation that even among those against an immediate leadership review, 30 per cent would vote for a leader other than Clark were a convention called immediately.

In brief political terms, these anticipated results would be the worst possible scenario for the party. Given some impetus to stay on until the next party meeting, Clark would open himself and his party to another year or two of wasteful bickering over his relative value as leader. Equally disturbing for Conservatives is the Carleton poll's depiction of a party still deeply divided over its fundamental direction. Delegates

"I carry the sun in a golden cup."

W.S. Voss

Ireland's famous poet captures in words the essence of Irish Mist. Enjoy it soon.



Clark's assertions of party unity, the delegates ended themselves in a split on such basic issues as the future of Petro-Canada and whether their party should accept a split in the ranks or the left of the political spectrum to increase its popularity.

It had been assumed since Clark's government fell a year ago that his main opposition would come from the party's right wing. Clark's staff told the "15 per cent of the party who are kooklike pilots and will vote against anything." The poll shows this core group now allied inconspicuously with one-third of the Tories under age 35, the youth wing for which Clark was believed to have wide appeal. Clark's hardest support appears to come from the older delegates, with particular strength shown among women.

The survey also delineates a party split by region. One-third of Ontario delegates appear ready to vote for review, allied with 33 per cent of the Atlantic provinces and just 18 per cent of delegates from the West. The government vote for Clark comes from Quebec, the province where he tried hard—some say to the detriment of other regions—to build a solid base for himself and the party. Only 36 per cent of Quebec delegates seem likely to support him, while 61 per cent advocate review and 20 per cent are uncommitted. Clark has failed to put together an effective organization in the province and has suffered from the desertion or absence of such old allies as Michael Collopy, the lawyer who turned on his transatlantic leap in the heady days following his defeat of Pierre Trudeau.

The key to Clark's weakness in Quebec and Newfoundland—whether very soft votes—are the leadership ambitions of two native sons, Brian Mulroney and John Crosbie. On Crosbie's part, Clark can expect to win only half the dele-

gates, while in Crosbie's home town, St. John's, one informed count puts the vote at 84 for review, five against. The poll shows Crosbie has not made serious inroads to the party's imagination, however. Asked whom they would like to see leading the party if a convention were held soon, delegates gave Crosbie just seven per cent of their support while Mulroney won 11 per cent. Mulroney was the runaway winner among those delegates who want a leadership review now, gaining support from 29 per cent. Clark would have the support of 18 per cent of this group, Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed 22 per cent and Crosbie 11 per cent.

In his trials to retain the leadership, Clark has tried to ease delegates over their trauma of last year's sudden, painful election defeat. The party's pain seems to be deeper than he can reach, though. Unsettled on policy, the Tories



seem itching to sacrifice their virtue to marry a winner—any winner. The recent Tories, in particular, appear disenchanted by the mere short months of power. One measure of the frustration is the renewed chatter about John Turner as a potential leader. There has been no indication, however, that the perpetual crown prince of the Liberal party has any desire to abandon his Toronto law practice for the perils of the Tory leadership.

Another measure of this newfound "Liberal" pragmatism is the party's attitude to Clark himself. The poll shows that while 66 per cent will support Clark through this convention, just 39 per cent would back him at a leadership convention. The disparity is best explained by the widely held belief that the best time to dump Clark would be near an election. The public would have less time to see the merits of a shiny new leader. Such ruminations are discussed eagerly by delegates. Clark supporters "Clark, David Crosbie 20 per cent, Peter Lougheed 18, Doug Chandler three, Fiers MacIntosh two, Bob Davis one. Others totalled 11 per cent, 29 per cent offered no opinion.

encourage it, aware this may be his best chance to survive. The appeal of this strategy has filtered through to the grassroots. Ben Fleming, a riding association president from St. Catharines, feels the party need not face the leadership question immediately. "The trouble with Clark is he can't shake the wing factor," Fleming says bluntly. "If by some miracle he can turn things around patently in time for another election, that's fine. Right now I guess people want him around for another year or so, so the party can consider its options."

This statement is very much a measure of the party's mood. Pleased with its performance on the constitution and energy debate, it nonetheless remains badly split both on direction and direction. The poll shows near-unanimous support for Clark's stand on the constitution, and Ontario delegates side as strongly as Albertans with Lougheed on the energy debate. But the party is still finding accord in other areas. On Petro-Canada, 36 per cent still want the national oil company sold to private hands, while 24 per cent want to expand it. Thirty-seven per cent favor shifting the party to the right to give popularity, while 39 per cent favor more social policies. The Tory youth is leaning more to the right than the older elements of the party, 66 per cent favoring a shift rightward compared to 36 per cent of the senior delegates. Underlying that is the sense that the party badly wants to win yet does not know how to go about it. Clark believes the only way to gain leadership the wallpaper to cover the wide cracks in the ideological wall. It is a telling contrast that delegates assign more blame for the February defeat on the Tories' strategy (58 per cent) and the Gougeon budget (22 per cent) than on leadership (18 per cent).

If, as appears inevitable, Clark gets only lukewarm support, the Conservatives seem doomed to increase their losses. The party's strategy of a moderate budget (22 per cent) than on leadership (18 per cent). If, as appears inevitable, Clark gets only lukewarm support, the Conservatives seem doomed to increase their losses. The party's strategy of a moderate budget (22 per cent) than on leadership (18 per cent). If, as appears inevitable, Clark gets only lukewarm support, the Conservatives seem doomed to increase their losses. The party's strategy of a moderate budget (22 per cent) than on leadership (18 per cent).

—LAN ANDERSON



Ottawa No calm before the storm

With the anthology given of the class chess player caught with a spasm, Mark MacGuigan had the mood and made his comeback last week in an effort to close the Sir John Foad case. The external affairs minister had told the Commons on Feb. 5 that he was investigating charges of what he called "completely unacceptable" constitutional jockeying of Mrs. by Britain's high commissioner in Canada. Days later the minister was reading his obscure confession into Hansard to denounce hoists from the opposition. After turning "entirely appropriate" Sir John's speaking for the British government and reporting British policy to Canadians, the minister came to the point—such as it was. "There are indications that the high commissioner went beyond these normal functions into internal political matters," The Herald had asserted they had no intention to interfere in Canadian affairs, he added. "I now consider the matter closed."

MacGuigan's public acknowledgment of the original allegations had stirred general into what were already tense relations between the Trudeau and Thatcher governments over the constitution question. In the end, the minister refused to disclose any grounds for even the mildest complaint of impropriety. Since the constitution involves politics in both countries, it now must be risky for diplomats on either side to decide whose "internal political matters" are whose.

In the Commons, Mrs. began what they seemed to be a historic final debate on Pierre Trudeau's constitution. Justice Minister Jean Chrétien opened with an 1865 quote from George Brown's speech in an earlier constitutional debate: "I cannot help feeling that... the agitation in the country and the fierce



Chrétien and (below) Mulroney's joint scheme of reform was in their hands.

contents in this chamber... are all compensated by the great scheme of reforms which is now in your hands." Chrétien rested his case largely on the proposed charter of rights—a "good reflection of the hopes and dreams of Canadians." And he attacked the Tories' call for a charter from which provinces could unseat themselves. Said Chrétien: "If we want to have a charter of rights, it must apply to all Canadians." Jake Ripp, Conservative constitution spokesman, argued Mrs. Mulroney's objectives Ottawa's active without previous consent, an astounding formula giving Ontario and Quebec votes over future constitutional changes, and the proposed federal power to stage referendums on future changes. Urged Ripp: "Let us have more say at it with the present."

Sticking with the Liberals, New Democratic leader Ed Broadbent said federal-provincial talks have proven to be futile conflicts. The Tories dreamed of constitutional change without divisions. "Well, history just isn't like that. It is a little more uncomfortable," as the history of nation-making around the world has shown. Broadbent, of course, had particular discomfort of his own last week, as four of his Saskatchewan MPs declared their opposition to the Trudeau project. The four, including party whip Leslie Newman, acted in tandem with Saskatchewan Premier Allan Rock's newly announced opposition. Mulroney's stand was telegraphed

Montreal

The call girl and the millionaire

The redneck confessed she was not involved in the art of seduction, but getting the ball rolling on that steady night in January nine years ago was no easy task. Dramatically tall—close to six feet in her spurs—she has high-bred looks—and wearing a demure black wool dress that nonetheless demonstrated her remarkable development, the former call girl, 30-year-old Leslie Lawrence, neatly told a Montreal court last week about her role in a bizarre extortion scheme that allegedly lured a millionaire heir and resulted in criminal charges against a singer-president, his wife and a supporting cast apparently chosen for their physical resemblance to The Godfather's family.

Accused as ringleader in Montreal's Grand Palace, 23, who operates professionally as a "Yack Barry" Lawton called him a "tormented child" and defamed the fact he merely been doing "business" for him when he paid her

Grand and Devote Palovitch, in plan a meeting with a Montreal millionaire.



\$300 "palm expenses" in fly to Jamaica in February, 1972. With her, she said, went Patricia's wife, David, now 30. The man, Lawton testified, was that David would engineer a marriage between Lawton and John Rodden McConnell, now 32 and an heir to a Montreal sugar-refining and publishing empire valued at \$600 million. Patricia allegedly told Lawton that he wanted to buy out McConnell's share in a jointly owned record company and wanted his partner in a good deed. Lawton was to pretend she had a husband back home, someone she used, Patricia had told him "I was always married for days at a time he seduced a married woman." The Crown contends that the imaginary husband and Lawton's "business" were the first step in an elaborate fraud that culminated in McConnell being told he owed \$60,000 to a Mafia boss—the price of "forgetting his wife's seduction."

Betting McConnell took longer than expected, Lawton testified. Sitting in the lounge of the Holiday Inn, Lawton had to "turn down several men who asked me to dance" while she bided her time waiting for a barmaid next to McConnell to empty. But while the chance came McConnell ignored her, reinforcing his conversation with David and refusing to stay "for just one more drink." Then, claiming to recognize David as a guest in a hotel next to him in Montage Bay, Lawton promised McConnell to drive her home as well. "We dropped off David and I tried to still for a while, looking for an opening, but John just leaned across me and opened the car door." Frustrated, Lawton said she took the matter into her own hands the next morning, tracking McConnell down in his mansion. She

told her way past his houseboy and into his bedroom where, "after an hour and a half of coffee and conversation, intercourse took place." Lawton contends she did not see McConnell again until 1975 when "he visited himself of my services in his Montreal apartment." At that time, she says, she told him of the charade, unaware of the extensive sting that had followed.

This week's nine witnesses was to be John McConnell. Notably dressed in a navy blazer, a powder-blue handkerchief hanging from his breast pocket, the stout millionaire strode into the Montreal courtroom last Thursday. Showing several inches shorter and several inches to the left of Lawton, he was identified as "the John I was talking about." McConnell's brief appearance at least put to rest fears that he was running away. The trial, originally scheduled for last September, had to be delayed when McConnell disappeared for three weeks. His absence has not been publicly explained.

—ANNE BROWN

Labrador

New light on an old culture

Archaeologists working along the rugged and rugged northern tip of Labrador have discovered the ruins of a 4,000-year-old Indian civilization. "It would have been a pretty spectacular place for its time," William Fitzhugh of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington said last week as he



Seithcooiake's Fitzhugh, when the great Pyramids and Sphinx were brand-new

made his findings public. Jam-packed with longhouses, at least partly built of stone, with curiously constructed "each a pit" to store food and various items, and its own ingenious snare trap and harber, the community on a strip of sand known as "Nalilik" was thriving at a time when the great Pyramids and the Sphinx were brand-new.

But there is little left now along that barren and abandoned coast to mark the passing of the so-called Maritime Archaic Inuit. The rocky foundations of the longhouse walls and the outlines of raised burial mounds emerged last summer during Fitzhugh's archaeological dig, as well as hundreds of slate and stone tools and weapons and many pieces of crudely worked soapstone art. "If you didn't know what to look for, you could walk right through the middle of Nalilik today and never know that anyone else had been there."

far to beef in southern markets," says Nanaqulak, who ships some of his kill to wholesale distributors in the western provinces. "But in the North, I've kept the price down to 80 cents a pound for the past three years."

The final red-breast stamp of approval goes to Nanaqulak's increasingly successful operation of the herd, which was a government handout for 50 of the 90 years before he bought it. He always wanted to be a businessman, but one with a great law for the outdoors. "When the days are beautiful, when they're long, there's nothing like staying out there with them," he says.

The park's herd and its circle around the herd to prevent stamp and protect them from wolves. "As far as retailing goes, his eyes are on the off-market—the U.S., the Common Market and Japan. Others have dreamed such dreams in the past, but Nanaqulak seems to know more about reindeer than anyone this side of the North Pole.

—ANNA FREEDLAND

With nearly \$500,000 provided by the Smithsonian and other Washington-based foundations, Fitzhugh has been leading expeditions over the past 12 years to investigate the history and culture of the Inuit and Indians who lived for 3,000 years along the northern Labrador coast. "Nalilik is totally unlike any Indian settlement found previously in Labrador, and it represents a breakthrough in our understanding of the northeast Indian culture," he said. "We had believed the Maritime Archaic Indians lived with little social organization in small, isolated villages along a coastal coastline. Nalilik has completely changed that view. There was a high quality of life there. People were comfortable."



Typical soapstone carving of a boat, found around artifacts from Nalilik Inuit



Nalilik would have been occupied only during the summer months since the Indians were not able to adapt to the mean winter conditions. They had a complex lifestyle, moving into the southern and interior forest when the rivers began to freeze over. One burial mound opened last summer—the first productive one found in Labrador—contained more than a hundred tools and weapons points, many made from beautiful ivory seal bone called Rasmah chert. The burial chamber had been lined with red ochre, and pieces of copper and walrus tusks were placed around the body—probably that of a shaman, or holy man.

About 100 Indians may have inhabited the 20-old longhouses measuring up to 60 metres long, divided into separate rooms and chambers, each with its own fireplace and sleeping area. "Some of them are like apartment buildings where many people would have lived. Others might just have been used for storage," says Fitzhugh. "There is no

wood that far north to construct such large buildings," he says. "How did they do it? Did they bring building materials north with them in caribou sleds or by dog sled to the Arctic? It's a mystery that may never be solved."

Students from many Canadian universities—Toronto, Trent, Carleton, Memorial and Laval among them—have helped Fitzhugh with excavations at Nalilik and dozens of other villages along the Labrador coast. The mass of artifacts recovered, now being analysed and examined in Smithsonian laboratories, will be given to the New-

foundland Museum in St. John's.

"Our findings mean we have to re-evaluate our traditional view of how early cultures adapted to so-called 'marginal' environments," says Fitzhugh. "The research also has practical implications. People lived well along this northern Labrador coast for thousands of years. They could be again. The coast north of Monks has been abandoned for several decades despite its rich and varied resources. It's something the Canadian and Newfoundland governments might well study."

—WILLIAM LAWTON

Rudolph, the red-brand reindeer

In the 1950s, 1,200 of them were driven across the frozen Bering Strait from Siberia to Alaska. In the early 1960s, during an exhausting five-year trek, 8,000 of them were herded 3,000 km across the top of North America into the Mackenzie delta. Last week, for almost a quarter of Canada's only reindeer herd, now totalling 15,000 head, it was the end of the trail. Owner William Nanaqulak and his five sons, herders rounded up the 14,000 beasts by snowmobile, picked out 8,000 of the fattest stags and older ones, and dropped them by air in their trucks with sub-zero loads.

"Three-weekly for the reindeer hunters comes in, mid-February when the narrow Arctic days are beginning to lengthen, but -30° to -40°C tempera-



Nanaqulak's herd of kudu: a long way from home and facing trail's end

tures still provide fast-freezing for the government-inspected carcasses and cuts. "Reindeer meat sells at prices sim-





you bring home food sometimes—the good stuff. You don't have to take home doggie bags of not very good food," explains Stephen Yan, whose weekly CBC TV show *Wok With Yan* has the same sort of self-following as Stephen Kay's spicy Gallopang Gourmet. Vancouver-based Yan has made the art of stir-frying rate an industry. Besides hanging the Gong for wok cooking on TV, he also runs a successful restaurant, a cooking school, a cookware and condiment import business, and has sold 1.6 million copies of his four cookbooks. After finishing work on his fifth book and taping 130 *Wok With Yan* shows, the chef was off to the Orient where he will be making a special, *Wok With Yan in Thailand*, which he sees as being

Francis Follies poses south (left) and chef Yan (below), great doggie dogs



"I'd like to do great things for the people of the North," advised Yukon Commissioner Doug Bell at the opening of the Yukon's Prairie Poles, now playing in St. Petersburg Beach, Fla. The Poles have been going strong for 15 years, toured Canada twice and made guest appearances at Parliament Hill, but this is the first time they have played a hunch. However, getting to Florida wasn't easy, since U.S. immigration officials didn't take kindly to the Canadian custom girls and their combo looking and as the face of U.S. entrepreneurs. Fortunately, the company had an ally in former U.S. ambassador to Canada Ken Curtis, who trusted a few fellows to get the appropriate nuts on the last day of his ambassadorship. St. Petersburg entertained two million Canadian tourists last year and Commissioner Bell hopes that by hearing the poems of Robert Service under palm trees, smiling Canadians will become so enamored that they will plan their next vacation for the Yukon. "It's obvious," he says, "you've got to get them in their winter playground."

"It is our national sport," declares Hajim Goveyasha, chairman of the Israel Bible Society, which sponsors the World Bible Quiz for youth between 14 and 18. Though 63,000 foreigners compete in the quiz, 12,000 Israelis will participate, and when the 6-nations are televised on May 11 most of the

country will be watching. "In connection with what story was the 'land of Israel' first mentioned in the Bible?" is one question, submitted by Pamela Weisbach Ben-Zion, "and in that story, what profession was mentioned whose tools would later be part of a messianic prophecy?" The answers to Ben-Zion's questions lie in 1 Samuel 13:19 and Isaiah 24. "Signs always asks questions of a historic and patriotic nature," explains Goveyasha, noting that Ben-Zion holds regular Bible classes in his home. Goveyasha says the show for the quiz came from 1984's TV shows each as The \$63,000 Question, which was later revealed to be a hoax. The Bible quiz, however, proves to be above food play. Says Goveyasha: "We have never had any questions of nagging or cheating."

Being the host of a Chinese cooking show has definite advantages. "Not only do you make an income, but

"something similar to Dishak Shore in Singapore, except with cooking instead of singing as the main course."

Killer bees are threatening the sanctity of Canadian hives. This dire warning was pronounced by B.C. entomologist Mark Winston at the Manitoba Beekeepers Association meeting last month. The killer bees, which were accidentally released in Brazil in 1956, are expected to overrun the northern United States by the end of the decade, but the threat to Canada was thought to be minimal because the bees can't survive the winter temperatures. The problem, Winston says, is that killers could make with moose as they are sold to Canadian beekeepers and render hives aggressive and unmanageable. "Beekeepers are now looking at ways to overwinter their bees instead of buying new colonies each year from the U.S.," says Winston. One of the killer bees has

already prompted such suggestions as trapping all 10 million hives known to be in South America, installing oil pits in the Panama Canal to shoot 150-metre flames into the air and "making Panama" to put a radioactive barrier in the bees' path. Winston, however, believes the solution lies in isolationism: "It's becoming more and more important to keep our colonies pure."

"I was a woman and a rock singer who wanted to write songs—not a great combination 20 years ago," says Carol Connors, who has a brief disk of stardom at 14 singing with The Teddy Bears, who topped the charts with *You Know How It Is Love* five. Settling for the writing side of a career, Connors wrote the *Hipsters' 1964 hit Hey Little Cobra*, while pronouncing from a 310-second phrase in her own car resulting in 37 stitches and four operations. In Hollywood she picked up an Oscar nomination for her songs in *The Avengers* and *Starla's* theme song, *Goodbye Fly Now*, but, at 37, Connors has decided it's time to do what she always wanted—sing her own songs. Having won recorded two competitions she has written for the Canadian film *Thelma*, Connors says she has learned how to succeed. "I've survived in a world full of being tedious, aggressive and always feminine."

"I know some see me as a clothes-horse," admits Steve Strunge, a British trend-setter in post-punk fashion who calls himself *Steve Strunge* when performing with his *Against Combo Vibe*. Against the stark back-

ground, not one to ride a good deal



Compass-singer Connors (above) and Strunge (below) leader of the poster



drop of Britain's economic reality, Strunge's followers regard themselves in the genre look, the *Robin Hood* look, the *Hazladder* look and pretty well any other fantasy image so long as it's outrageous. For Strunge it is nothing to wear his hair in a *Wondero* *Lebanese* one day and wugged in a turban the next. Devoted posters, who call themselves *Biba* kids, can't wait to copy what he does next. "I don't dress like this because I'm something special," says Strunge. "I've been like this since I was 14 and banned from school for having orange hair."

Whether dealer sports and real estate magazine *Helen Strunge* has never been one to make a good deal when it stares her in the face, as the tax department for the city of Regina has

discovered. The Vancouver entrepreneur, whose most recent coup was the purchase of 50 per cent of the Metrolux Alcoholic, is president of 1500 Alberni Ltd., a company that has yet to ante up \$28,900 for 1984 in back taxes on 18 properties in Regina. Overdue taxes are owed at only a one-per-cent per month interest charge for each of the first six months and an additional 10 per cent a year thereafter—considerably less than any bank would offer. Strunge's company has opted to keep the money invested elsewhere. "We should be increasing our penalty to at least bank rates. I don't know why we are being so nice to these guys," complains Regina's director of taxation Hugh Jenkins, who notes that the city had more than 1,000 properties owing \$2 million in overdue taxes at the end of 1983.

He has written some of his best lyrics for Frank Sinatra, including such Off Beat Egan choruses as *Call Me*, *Let's Love*, *Sassy*, *Come Fly With Me*. But now *Sassy* *Come Fly With Me* is getting phrases for some far less poetic vocables. Life has just written 30 songs for *Donna Strunge's* fancy lifestyle, including a potential Top 20 number for Oscar the Grouch called *I Love the Room*. Cahn has also recently completed 16 songs for a feature-length cartoon version of *Heidi* which features the bidding tape *The Love of an Alpine Herdsman* and the lyrics: *You are much my Sunday dear/You can't put my joy! Will Cahn ask the venerable chairman of the board to try some of his cozy new lyrics?* Because Cahn diplomatically: "Let's just say I wouldn't mention it to her."

—EDITED BY MARSHA BOLLING

Pilgrimage to the oppressed

'Nobody has a keener sense of justice than the poor'

By Robin Wright

It was a week of what has become known as "papal mischief." On the first phase of his 12-day Asian tour, Pope John Paul II managed to overwhelm the cautious folk with his charm, strike fear into the hearts of politicians with strong reprimands, launch dialogues with two worlds—Islamic and Chinese Communist—and, in between, somehow find time for religious events during the most ambitious and grueling of his nine trips abroad.

It has been billed as a religious pilgrimage, an effort to "take the church



Pope in Manila. Joseph talks on human rights and poverty



to the people" in Pakistan, the Philippines, Guam, Japan and, briefly, Alaska. That he rarely did, although it was probably the most minor accomplishment of his first week. The first stop was Karachi, Pakistan—technically to refuse. But in his gentle, no-holds-barred style, the pontiff called for "co-operation and collaboration" between Catholic and Islamic leaders in helping to solve the problems of the Middle East.

But the real spectacle was his six-day island-hopping tour of the Philippines, where the outspoken pontiff spent most of his time condemning or condemning the authoritarian regime of President Ferdinand Marcos—always with a smile. The pontiff could afford to say whatever he pleased in the Philippines: it is a country that is 85 per cent Catholic. The trip had been postponed several times and almost cancelled twice because of disputes over what the Pope could do and when he could see Marcos may now be sorry the trip finally came

Manila slum; and (from left) Marcos, with Isratis, and the Pope: most ambitious trip of the pontificate



off. Within hours of his arrival last Tuesday, the Pope bluntly told the president that his recent lifting of eight years of martial law was a positive step, but that the Filipino leader should make up for the abuses of the past and then prove his commitment to human rights in the future. The setting for the pontiff's frankness made it all the more embarrassing: the nationally televised official reception given by the president, with all leading local officials in attendance. The Pope turned down presidential requests for further discussions, and instead spent most of his time with just those groups Marcos wanted him to avoid: slum dwellers, refugees and the angry working poor.

His hardest words were spoken in

Tondo, the massive slum outside Manila. The government had done a quick last-minute overhaul of the usual setting of Tondo the Pope visited, but it did not seem to make much difference, for the Pope told the poor: "Nobody has a keener sense of justice than the poor people who suffer the injustices that circumstances and human selfishness heap upon them." There was no effort to disguise who the pontiff holds responsible for the fact that some 75 per cent of the 49 million people live at or below the poverty line.

Only once did the Pope temper his remarks, and that was during a meeting with university students who appealed for help from the church in "liberating" the people of the Philippines. He se-



Rack of Lamb's:
Every year a great year.

knnowledged, their words but warned them of being too rash in the methods of achieving reforms.

In many ways, the Pagh's Asian tour is directed as much at other muslims in the area as those he is visiting. In Manila, he relayed a message to Peking during a meeting with the Chinese community: "It is my sincere and heartfelt hope that someday soon we shall be able to join together." John Paul has achieved a major feat of détente with China over the past two years, and high-level Vatican sources confirm he would be in Peking. But for all his political rhetoric, the Pope surprised many during a mass in Cebu by ignoring the banner that had his pontificate against the most conservative muslims now facing the church's harsh control, divorce and abortion. The church's strict rulings on these matters have often triggered a crisis of faith among Catholics in the United States, Canada and Europe. But his statements could have even more impact on Third World countries like the Philippines. Critics charge that the pontiff is unrealistic. On the one hand, he pushes for reforms to better the lives of Filipinos. But, on the other, he criticizes the use of socioeconomic aid in a country that has one of the highest birthrates in the world—and cannot afford to support even its current population. ◇

Iran

Indictment of the mullahs' rule

Like the *Sunday*, or underground writings, of East European dissidents, copies of the letter were handed out far and wide last week on street corners. Headed "Dear compatriots," the three usually typed pages were signed by 38 of Iran's leading intellectuals and amounted to a scathing indictment of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's revolutionary regime, accusing it of repression, torture and infighting.

What made the protest so dramatic was that the revolutionary credentials of the signatories were impeccable. No less than seven had been imprisoned under the late Shah Reza Pahlavi and many had lost their jobs before the 1979 revolution for holding unacceptable political views. Among them were Gholam Hossein Sa'edi—one of Iran's most celebrated poets—whom Khomeini sent to prison under the shah. Others were Iran's leading poet, Ahmad Shamlou, who was exiled by the shah, and two former editors, Mansour Mojtahed and Feroz Gohar, whose papers had been shut down.

The letter accused Iran's two leading political factions—the secular leaders led by President Abolhasan Bani-Sadr on the one hand, and the fundamentalists of the Islamic Republican Party (IRP) on the other—of spreading all their time "making out set each other in a cheap battle." They were accused, among other things, of monopolizing power, rigging elections, suppressing national minorities, leading the country to economic bankruptcy and "killing the persons with militants and torturing them."

While most of the signatories could be identified as politically liberal or leftist, they denied they were seeking to alter the interests of any one political party. And their criticisms were clearly shared by a cross-section of Iranian society which includes professors, lawyers and journalists who are fed up with the political squabbling and economic hardships the nation has known since 1979.

The letter clearly stung Ayatollah Khomeini. So much so, in fact, that he delivered an unusually lengthy rebuttal to a national television audience. He accused the writers of being "deniers" and said that attacks "launched by tongue and pen" were worse than ordinary meanness in Iran. Then, in a manner unusual for Khomeini, who normally prefers to tell his speeches relying on emotion rather than fact, he set about with a detailed rebuttal of the dissidents' charges that amounted to a defense of Iran's post-revolutionary accomplishments.

Khomeini's speech was followed up by an angry denunciation of criticism of the regime—which also came from a group of parliamentarians last week. In the *off* in its party newspaper, "Criticism of the IRP," it trumpeted, "was criticism of Islam itself." At work's end the dissidents were unimpressed, believing they were acting in the best interests of the revolution. "We have the basis of a free society here," said one. "We do not want to see the opportunity thrown away." —IAS MATHIAS

Khomeini's speech by dissidents' criticism



Northern Ireland

An eerie case of déjà vu

If history ever does repeat itself it is surely in Ireland, and in the past few weeks it has done so with the same accuracy of an old novel. Indeed, supporters of the fiery fundamentalist Rev. Ian Paisley, who last week was raising spectres of armed insurrection against an imagined plot by London and Dublin to sell out the Ulster Protestants, have seriously suggested that he



Paisley: nonchalance on a windowsill. Nil

may have been watching too much television lately.

On networks in Britain, pumping out rival series on Irish history, recently reached the watershed period of 1938-1954, when the historicist barrister Sir Edward Carson led Ulster's opposition to British plans for home rule by threatening "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." Both series showed Carson renewing his paramilitary Ulster Volunteers and organizing a covenant of 500,000 signatures against moves to unite the largely Protestant North with the Roman Catholic South.

Within days, Paisley, a Westminster MP whose party, the Democratic Unionist Party (DUP), is fiercely opposed to any cooperation with the "pagan-oiden barbaric republic" led by Prime Minister Charles Haughey, had set out to raise the ghosts of 58 years ago. Consistently echoing Carson, Paisley denounced journalists to a window-seat Antoinette hillside at 2 a.m. to reveal 500 men drawn up in military formation beneath a Union Jack. These men, he said, were those prepared to defend

Ulster's right to resist any conspiracy by Westminster and Dublin to force it into an all-Irish republic.

A week later, Paisley embarked on what he called the Carson Trail, stamping the six counties of Ulster to rally support for another covenant. The effort will reach its climax March 28 by the statue of Lord Carson—as he became—in Belfast.

Paisley is on the rampage because he believes that last December's Dublin summit, between Haughey and British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, contained the seeds of a plot to force the two halves of Ireland together. Dublin has been rife with rumors that some sort of constitutional change, perhaps an Anglo-Irish council, may be in the wind. And while Haughey has denied the latest version, that the Republic of Ireland might abandon its traditional neutrality to sign a defense pact with Britain—he has declined any further comment. As for Thatcher's silence, which has been sternly criticized in Parliament, The Times of London recently editorialized that the government's "fairness way of proceeding" simply provided the question: "Why all the bellowing if there is nothing to hide?"

Meanwhile, Paisley is unlikely to master anything approaching Lord Carson's renowned refusal, given his own lengthy relationship with the powerful Orange Order he broke with them in the mid-1960s and formed his own independent branch. Furthermore, he cannot hope for military backing such

as Carson received from the so-called *Black and Tans* of 1914, when British officers stationed in Southern Ireland declared they would resign their commissions rather than take up arms against Ulstermen rejecting home rule. History has, after all, moved on, as perhaps Paisley—"Mr. Ulster" as he now calls himself—will find later this month when he reaches Carson's statue at Stormont. —CAROL KENNEDY

Spain

'Revolution or death'

Plagmatic technocrat Leopoldo Calvo-Sotelo needed all he could last week when he sought the Spanish parliament's approval for his appointment as premier to succeed Adolfo Suárez. Through an unexpected twist of fate, the premier-designate faced a confidence vote as Spain's fledgling democracy was confronted by one of its largest tests: to decide the nation was engulfed in outrage over the death in police custody a week earlier of suspected Basque separatist José Ignacio Arellano. And deputies belonging to the regional parties had vowed to register their abhorrence at the death by abstaining on the vote. As a result, the possibility loomed that Calvo-Sotelo would not govern the majority needed to win. —



Basque demonstration, engulfed in rage.

The sequence of events that threatened Calvo-Sotelo with defeat began in a wild gun battle in a Madrid square in early February. Two men were taken to police headquarters following the confrontation and held on suspicion of belonging to the Basque separatist movement ETA. Nine days later, one of them, 30-year-old Arellano, died in a prison hospital. An autopsy revealed clear signs of physical violence. The news provoked mass protests last week in the Basque region, and the ETA seized the

A brief reprieve from chaos

For Prime Minister Robert Mugabe the sudden summons to Lusaka must have come as a reprieve. The Zimbabwean leader had spent four days watching as forces fighting between rival guerrilla forces had threatened to tip his young country into a full-fledged civil war. Last week, as the crisis lay far past Mugabe's 18-month history—established, Mugabe was called by Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda to attend an urgent summit meeting of the five front-line states.

The meeting, which gave Mugabe a chance to break a sympathetic audience on Zimbabwe's troubles, was held to map out a strategy against their common foe, South Africa. And in their position of contempt for—but economic dependence on— Pretoria, the front-line leaders produced a number of their carefully worded diatribes against the giant to their south.

*Rotations: Mozambique, Tanzania, Zambia and Zimbabwe.



Mugabe (left) and Kaunda: distraught

Predictably, the Lusaka conference condemned the operations of South African soldiers, including a raid into Mozambique two weeks earlier against "bases" of the African National Congress (ANC). They blamed South Africa for the collapse of January's all-party Geneva talks on the future of Namibia and reaffirmed their support for the SWAPO (South-West African People's Organization) guerrillas fighting for the territory's independence from Pretoria.

Between an atmosphere of hardening attitudes in southern Africa, it was a relatively anodyne statement

That said the Zimbabwe fighting between guerrillas linked to Mugabe and his rival, Joshua Nkomo, underscored one desperate truth in African politics: many governments live with the constant threat of collapse and their economic depends to a large extent on maintaining good economic ties with the developed Western region.

Mugabe fully realizes that his nation is caught in this dilemma. Despite attempts to forge trade links with Western powers, the nation relies on South Africa for most of its imports. At the same time, the administration has been rocked by crisis, as when Mugabe deposed Nkomo from minister of home affairs to the relatively obscure public service portfolio. When Nkomo balked at the shift, he was given the comparatively position of minister without portfolio.

As Mugabe returned from Lusaka to a distraught nation last week, he could reflect on the fact that it was word from Nkomo that had cooled the frustrated guerrillas. Expelled once Nkomo had insisted, "After some time Nkomo had no reason for not complying with the order to surrender." —HERBERT MARSHALL

chance to convert Arregui into a martyr. Three of its members paraded in hood through the streets of Pamplona bearing a banner proclaiming revolution (C4, D4, D11). For most Reagan, Arregui's death came as confirmation of a report released by Amnesty International in December concerning 114 cases. Amnesty said police detainees were subjected to everything from mock execution to electric shock treatment.

While no police officials have been brought to account for these cases, five officers who interrogated Arregui were detained pending a full investigation, and two senior ones were fired. The reaction was a new-making in police ranks. But some politicians felt the shakeup was overdue. Inspector José Manuel Ledezma, spokesman for a

U.S. ECONOMY

Aftershock of an economic blast

The counteroffensive to Reagan's plan begins

By Michael Posner

The blueprint for America's economic recovery is a modest paperback volume weighing slightly less than a kilo. But in political terms, the document that Ronald Reagan unveiled to Congress and the nation last week has landed with the force of something approaching an atomic blast. The capital is still quaking from the report. Horde of rage and indignation are rushing down the K Street corridor, otherwise known as Lobbyland. To Congress, a form of guerrilla warfare has broken out, with Democrats fighting to save programs threatened by the president's proposed budget cuts; the party has deputized Senator Bill Bradley, a former New York Knicks, to field a full-court press on the administration's scheme. Across the country, farmers and poets, college students and blacks, the poor and the unemployed—all those special-interest groups affected by the cuts—are preparing their own counteroffensive. It's a national war-on.

These cries and lamentations cannot be blamed on lack of warning. Most of what Reagan advanced had been disclosed beforehand. Much of it was from his campaign rhetoric. If there is any protest for genuine surprise, it is that the president has done pretty much what he said he would do, and the country hasn't seen that from a chief executive in a long spell.

On paper, the economic plan looks deceptively simple. By curbing or capping dozens of federal programs, the administration's new government is saving by about \$50 billion in fiscal year 1982, which begins in October. At the same time, it proposes to slash personal income taxes by 30 per cent annually for three years, beginning July 1, and to speed widening for plant and equipment investments by business. Along with a tight grip on the money supply and a more relaxed attitude toward regulation, the White House is betting its program will boost the nation's lagging productivity and the inflation purchases that discourage savings. It will be anything but simple



Reagan and Bush followed the script

What the president, in this haste, has proposed, Congress, in its leisure, will dispose. And while Capitol Hill usually seemed to like the sound of budget Director David Stockman's use as it felled a veritable jungle of New Deal/Great Society vegetation, it evinced no such sympathy or enthusiasm for the Reagan tax cut. Democrats oppose the tax cut on three grounds philosophically, because it screws-the-based provisions get more money in the pockets of the rich; secondly, because they fear it may only fuel the inflation it is aimed at reducing; and politically, because a Democratic deflation resents the very notion of a Republican getting his way. The Senate majority leader, Howard Baker (Rep., Tenn.), has taken the measure of this opposition and said it might be 1982 before Congress finally votes on the tax package. Wall Street, over the entire

assesser of political reality, seemed to agree, on the day after the president's address to a joint session of Congress, the Dow Jones industrial average dropped nearly 14 points.

But the White House does not intend to succumb without a struggle. Key cabinet secretaries—Stockman, Treasury chief Donald Regan and Murray Windebaum, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors—are already on the road appearing before congressional committees, hitting the talk-show circuit, addressing the wounded constitution. The president himself hosted a



Reagan hitting the talk-show circuit

breakfast of more than 100 newspaper editors and, before flying off to four days of California sun, asked them frantically for help in winning public opinion. The request may have been unnecessary, as the first 300 telegrams received after the Reagan speech, only seven were negative. Labor Secretary Ray Donovan was commissioned to approach every territory—an AFL-CIO convention in St. Paul, Minn.—and reported that 60 per cent of the executive committee was prepared to give the president's proposals a chance.

Republicans are more optimistic about the budget cuts. They foresee farm skunkiness over some reduction—subsidies for mass transit, dairy price supports, food stamps, the arts, to cite only a few—but they believe most of the Reagan plan can win congressional approval. Their likely strategy will be to force passage of a reconciliation bill, which would effectively prevent piecemeal attacks on individual proposals. Once Congress agrees to trim the budget back to a level acceptable to the White House, various House and Senate committees can alter the targeted numbers on specific programs to the administration's liking.

Ronald Reagan has much working in his favor—the honeymoon period bestowed on all newly inaugurated presidents, a Senate controlled by his own Republican party, a solid mandate from the voters and a pervasive sense that the six-year term's end has outlived its apparent usefulness. Americans by nature are willing to gamble on the new Supply-side economics if not, in fact,



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group of police radicals, declared "Reagan of terrorism, deception and destabilizing maneuvers." What's more, he accused a senior officer of promoting a hit squad which has been enthusiastically liquidating ETA leaders.

At week's end, amid increasing confusion, Calvo-Sotelo had lost the vote of confidence. A second vote, however, was scheduled for Monday, which he was expected to win. If so, handling the tense situation in police ranks and restoring public faith in the security forces will be one of his priorities. But his first task will be to find a solution to the latest ETA snap. While 147 of the 310 ETA prisoners in Spanish jails work on a hunger strike, the terrorists struck again. They sent the homeward-bound of El Salvador, Austria and Uruguay in the Reagan regime it a bid to focus world attention on their demands for self-determination. —DAVID BARRY

the novelty its advocates sometimes claim, but it has been out of fashion for so long that, for the current generation at least, it does represent a daring dance with the unknown. The risks—say for the president and for the nation—are immense. And yet, as *The New York Times* noted at week's end: "Who has a safer way?" ☐

Nuclear waste in the water

If a way that so one in Ottawa ever suspected, Canada may have suffered fallout from the American Second World War atomic bomb project that culminated in the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. A controversy was growing last week over a report by the New York Task Force on Toxic Substances that shows that the U.S. Army and a defence contractor dumped more than 37 million gallons of radioactive wastes from the project into a series of shallow wells at Totsuwa, N.Y., along the Canadian border. And although no one could prove it, it seemed almost certain that over the years the wastes have been seeping into the Niagara River.

The extensive two-volume report was being examined last week by the Pentagon and the energy department. It charges that the U.S. Army and other federal government departments polluted the Niagara frontier region and



Atomic bomb in army cover-up alleged

then went to extraordinary lengths to cover up their actions. According to the report, Landis Air Products Company operated two secret plants for the Manhattan Project in Totsuwa. In a letter dated March 28, 1944, and included with the report, the company wrote to the army suggesting that the radioactive wastes resulting from the production of the bomb should be dumped down wide along the border. Said the letter: "Our law department advises that it is considered as possible to determine the course of subterranean streams and, therefore, the responsibility for contamination could not be fixed."

Not only that, but the report goes on to show for the first time that the U.S.

Atomic Energy Commission—the successor to the Manhattan Project—dumped between 20 and 30 million gallons of water contaminated with large amounts of soluble cyanide—a byproduct of atomic energy production—directly into the Niagara River between September, 1954, and September, 1955. "This cyanide dumping might actually have gone on for far longer than the official documents indicate," said Gerald Boyd, one of the state investigators who worked on the report. Boyd added: "Who can say what damage has been done? There is no indication that the Canadians were ever informed about this dumping even though some of the staff must have found its way over the Niagara and lapped up on Canadian beaches."

New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan was pressing last week for the government to open a full investigation but, not surprisingly, the army was opposed. Read a Pentagon statement: "The New York task force report is an artificially drafted document which adds little substance to an understanding of the toxic contamination problems in the Niagara frontier region. The report appears to have been preconceived towards establishing federal government financial liability." New York state assembly speaker Stanley Plick disagreed. The army committed "enormous crimes," he claimed, adding: "They think they can get away with anything. But they can't." —W.L.

A campaign of terror

Death threats are considered anathema. If unavoidable, occurrences in the brutal mafia American politicians that such intimidation is rarely directed at political aides, however important they may be. All the more reason, therefore, for the punishment of a special task force of police investigators last week, as they conducted a house search of Charles Kennedy's residence against Robert E. Burke, the wealthy chief aide to Senator Joe Kennedy.

Since January, 27-year-old Burke has been subjected to several terrifying experiences by a mysterious assailant. It began with phone calls to Kennedy's Senate office telling Burke that he would die. Then, in February, Burke returned to his home in an exclusive Washington area to find that a death threat had been tacked to his front door.

Burke had installed a complex electronic security system in his home, and it was this system that woke him early



Burke: Butcher knife in the door

the next morning. Jumping out of bed, Burke quickly looked his bedroom door, but as he did so he heard someone coming up the stairs. Terrified, Burke hid in a closet while the intruder banged on his bedroom door. Next, he heard the intruder running out of the house, and when the police arrived a few minutes later they found a butcher knife stuck in

the bedroom door. The intruder wasn't over. Two days later as Burke was getting into his BMW sports car outside his house, a short rang out and a bullet passed through the car's rear window missing his head by a few inches. Since then there have been more threatening phone calls and notes.

The only hint of a motive came in a note delivered to Kennedy's office that mentioned Burke's "wealthy father" and payments "to keep you breathing." But Burke's mother, Ann, says that no such demands have been made and suspects only that the family is "not financially wealthy." [His father, Robert E. Burke, is president of the American Electric Product Co.]

As the agent, who asked not to be identified for security reasons, said last week that investigation was only one of several possible motives being considered. He explained: "You must remember that this man is Kennedy's chief aide, and there are any number of crates out there who want to get at the Kennedy." Says Burke: "There doesn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to this, and myself a nice guy, I go to church on Sunday and all that." —WILLIAM LUTHERTON

BUSINESS

A second time around for Chrysler

Renewed loan guarantees give troubled autoemaker another shot in the arm

By Gillian MacKay

February has been a month of feasting at the public trough for two of Canada's largest and hargreest corporations inside. Three weeks ago, Massey-Ferguson Ltd. grabbed up \$200 million in federal and provincial backing for a preferred share issue, and last week Chrysler Canada Ltd. dined \$150 million in federal loan guarantees.

It was Chrysler's second trip to the trough in less than a year. Last May, Ottawa agreed to guarantee \$200 million in loans based on a commitment of \$1 billion in investment over five years. But Chrysler's recovery schedule was dashed in the fall when a renewed round of high interest rates dented new car sales. In December, the company was back on the doorstep of the U.S. Loan Guarantees Board, asking ahead of schedule for \$600 million in loan guarantees (Congress has authorized a total of \$1.5 billion in phased-in aid to Chrysler Corp. of which \$600 million was taken in 1981). In return, Chrysler agreed to slash its spending plan and sought concessions from lenders, suppliers and workers.

The result will be a much smaller company than was envisioned last year, although Ontario Minister of Industry and Commerce Larry Grossman says those plans were never realistic. Ontario's part in the rescue was to put up half the cost of a \$20-million auto parts plant, which will revert to the government if Chrysler fails. Says Grossman: "The rescue was to start by getting big money for a big company. Then the auto parts start—and there will always be the money that they are needed to protect the loans. What they will end up with is big money for a small company."

Canada is sharing in the setbacks (although no more so than the United States) and has managed, for the time being at least, to hold on to its production. Initially, Chrysler wanted to renege on its commitment to build a smaller version of its new K-car in Canada in 1983. Faced with strong opposition from Ottawa and the United Auto Workers, Chrysler agreed to keep the car, but production has been cut to 100,000 units (half of the original projection) and delayed one year until 1984. Shipments by 1984 to new owners at 32,000, compared with 16,000 under the former plan, and investment over five



Chrysler Canada President M. J. Cline with K-car (above); UAW's White (below left); Gray, feasting at the public trough

years is \$681 million, compared with \$1 billion in the first. Ottawa has lowered its support to \$150 million from the original \$200 million and has delayed the guarantees by an additional year until 1983.

Although free enterprisers object to handouts both to Chrysler and Massey, the risks are considerably different in each case. Unlike the Massey guarantees, which take effect immediately and can be triggered by Massey's failure to pay a monthly dividend, Chrysler gets nothing until 1983. By then, Chrysler will probably have proved itself or gone under. The Chrysler guarantees are also secured by a first mortgage on the Fiat-Road plant in Windsor, whereas the Massey guarantees are unsecured.

The immediate outlook for Chrysler is not inspiring. The U.S. Loan Guarantees Board predicts a \$250-million loss for 1984. Chrysler estimates its 1984 loss at \$1.8 billion, topping Ford's announcement last week of a \$1.5-billion loss, the largest in American corporate history. Noted Detroit auto analyst Arvid Gjerdinge says he is in the minority in predicting that Chrysler will show a profit in April (though not for the year as a whole). Juppé also forecasts an



eight-per-cent decline in imports in 1983 and a 15-per-cent increase in sales of domestic cars in the United States and Canada. Says Juppé: "We won't be sending the imports back to the U.S. but finally, we have a product to throw at them." The hoped-for pickup in sales, however, has been negligible so far, and Robert White, director of the United Auto Workers, warns that "unless interest rates and unemployment fall, Chrysler's position will worsen." Chrysler has gained two or three percentage points in market share since December, when it began to offer rebates, but similar programs announced by Ford Motor Co. and General Motors Corp. last week will eliminate that advantage. In addition, because of Chrysler's assembly campaign, it will have no new spring models to pelt against

those of General Motors and Ford, which last week began production in St. Thomas of sporty two-seater versions of the successful Escort and Lynx subcompacts.

If Chrysler's present plan founders, it will have difficulty selling governments on a new one. Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Herb Gray admits he signed last week's agreement with "hesitation," and the Reagan administration is likely to take a harder line than Carter officials did in an election year. With the Canadian guarantee in place, the U.S. loan guarantee bond is expected to approach the \$400 million this week. In the meantime, Chrysler will miss the most lost longer than the previous one. ◇

Giving credit where it's due

Among the ever-growing pack of Canadian corporate predators prowling south of the border, a Toronto-based retailer, Peoples Jewellers Ltd., has just claimed the fastest cash-out ever. Last week Peoples announced an end to the litigation between itself and the Zale Corporation of Dallas, Tex., in the words of Peoples chairman, Bertrand Gerstein, the American corporation had been "settling our aggression—I mean, initiation." The peace agreement satisfies Peoples to continue its acquisition of Zale stores in the U.S. and to allow that Zale will give Peoples a 50th interest in the world's largest jewelry retailer—a company 10 times Peoples' size, with annual sales of \$1 billion—plus representation on the Texas firm's board of directors and board. Peoples, with 300 North American stores, is the second-largest jeweler in Canada, but modest by American standards, now it has gained an interest in Zale's empire of 1,500 stores in Canada, the U.S., England, partly owned outlets in South Africa, and even in Japan. "Through Zale," credits Gerstein from his modest second-story walk-up office in Toronto, "we participate in the world."

It is Bertrand Gerstein, a somewhat bald-of-bearing, quiet-spoken 63-year-old, and not his sharp-eyed son Irving, Peoples' president, who first determined to snail Zale through the market last October. By December, Peoples had paid over \$100 million of Zale's outstanding securities, whereas—enough for the rescue to speak, from the victory of the elephant's ankle, that it intended to go for 25 per cent. The missing credit had been resolved around Zale's claim that the Peoples already had no say in the Zale stores. Zale is a Canadian presence (its stores in 75 own names and



Irving Gerstein outside store, Bert Gerstein (left). We participate in the world.

a 40-per-cent interest in 20 Grains outlets, the acquisition would be anti-competitive. Moreover, Zale claimed the Canadian firm had an unfair advantage. Eventually, it pointed to Bertrand Gerstein's testimony, not required, as American overtures are, to put up with the purchase cost in cash. Gerstein had simply walked into the office of his banker, Russell Harrison—chairman of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, and said, "Bertrand, I need \$15 million to buy a piece of the world's largest jewelry chain." "Aw, Bert," Harrison is said to have replied, "you could have just asked."

Peoples' counterclaim claimed that the Zales were merely buying up their company's stock to keep themselves in control—an audacious defense in view of the fact that Peoples is still 80 per cent controlled by the Gersteins, while the Zales control only 40 per cent of their company. Nevertheless, since

the Zale family's dominance had previously been the object of the Securities & Exchange Commission's attention, the charge felt trifling. After a visit by Gerstein, eight of 10s in their target's glittering silver headquarters in Dallas, a truce was called.

Though it looks like Peoples won, the compromise is, in fact, a square deal which gives each company 50 per cent of the other and board level representation. Because Peoples is so much smaller, the same percentage investment will cost Zale only \$15 million, a tenth of what it will cost Peoples. Since Zale's purchase will be made through new Treasury shares, the American company is indirectly helping to finance the deal it tried to resist. That latter thought may be reversed by the knowledge that the cash will strengthen the Canadian firm, with which it has been maneuvering into reluctant partnership. —VAL ROSE

A game of darts

As the 30-billion empire of Canadian Pacific Ltd. celebrated its 100th birthday last week, its wagon-wheel plan in the United States suffered a humiliating setback. After two months and \$1 million in legal fees, Canadian Pacific Enterprises (CPE) had cleared all the big hurdles in its \$280-million (U.S.) bid for control of U.S. appliance manufacturer Hobart Corp. Then, just as the price was within reach, it was snatched away. Dart and Zale Corp. is a 49-million company whose products include Kraft Foods, Taggartware and Sunell

Justin Dart

batteries, bid \$40 a share, \$7.50 a share or \$60 million more than CPE. Although it seems unlikely that CPE would win to stage a costly bidding war, it was extended to offer such a March 7.

It is hardly surprising that CPE is reluctant to concede defeat, given the extent of its strategies. The latest of these was a U.S. Senate committee hearing during which Hobart President David Merker railed against the "predatory desires" of outsiders from "barbaric Canada." Ironically, he took the stand knowing surely that Dart and Kraft (whose securities committee chairman, Justin Dart, is a close friend and adviser to President Ronald Reagan) was about to poison Kraft's voracious targets of Canadian corporate affection so Hobart and Zale Corp. (see story above) have been pushing for tougher laws against foreign takeovers. If Hobart's outposts see any indication, however, the protection is hardly needed. ◇

SPORTS

A season to build dreams on

Tony Tanti has broken Wayne Gretzky's scoring record and he's still going

By Hal Quinn

"It's unbelievable how many times he's put what you're in," Kevin Connolly is a co-skipper for the Peterborough Petes of the Ontario Major Junior Hockey League (OMJHL). The

petr. When Lacomere drops the puck, Tanti's there and vice versa. If Tanti doesn't see it in the corner feeding them, he's in front of the net causing trouble." Drieden, too, has his theory. "It used to be that when you came into this league, you spent most of the first

draft choice given and becomes a prospect." And there are few as bright as Tanti. He has what hockey people call "puck sense," an amazing ability to anticipate where the puck is going and getting there before it has a chance to release. "Aside from the play of my five-miles, I guess the biggest thing is that I'm shooting faster than I ever have. About 80 per cent of the time I don't even look at the net, I just fire it."

His sudden blossoming as a prolific scorer and celebrity has surprised Tanti as much as anyone. "It's funny. Just walking down the halls at school [Tanti is a Grade 12 student] everybody's saying, 'Hi Tony,' 'Hi Tony.' I don't know three-quarters of them. And the first time I was told there was a 'superstar' out there, I thought it was great. I wish it would cool down a bit, but I know how the other guys feel about not being interviewed, so I guess I'm better than them."

Tanti's season guarantees a high selection by an NHL team, and with that will come a contract. Junior players earn what amounts to walking-around money, more than who have signed with the NHL make NHL wages. It can cause problems. "It's tough when one guy takes home \$15 a week and a teammate makes \$100,000 a year," says Drieden. "I fine players \$5 for being late for a class at school. Well, to the guy with the \$15, that's a chunk. I'm just sitting for one of the others to lose \$500 and sit."

It won't be long before Tanti joins them.

Suddenly, Tanti has become a star, and Drieden worries about instant notoriety and misadventure. "They all have agents or lawyers and parents who are trying their damndest to handle it. It isn't a situation that a 17-year-old at school should be in. But by hanging around at home parks and rebounds, Tony Tanti finds himself in that situation. 'Yeah, I expect to be drafted, but I'm thinking about the money or anything like that—I'm too young.' ◇



Quite nothing fancy, the puck just goes in the net

year on the bench. In your second year you'd get more ice time, then in your third, when you were eligible for the National Hockey League draft, you'd get a lot of ice. Now that NHL clubs can draft 17-year-olds, kids like Tanti are on display as rookies. His line to eat three more of the time. Once he plays on a second line and on power plays."

A lot of OMJHL teams are now trying to follow what they didn't draft Tanti, but, as Drieden points out, Tanti has grown and put on "about 15 to 18 pounds" that often happens. In a year, a

If Tanti has few explanations for his phenomenal season, others offer theirs. "He's a victim of last night in Peterborough," Blashin, says. "There isn't another line in the league that works so well so



Boucher at Grenoble: a skater of great expectations who does his unexpected

False starts, slips, falls but finally a gold medal

By Andy Shaw

Most people would want speed skater Gaetan Boucher as a son. Intelligent, honest, modest and dedicated, the 26-year-old from the Fay, Que., is a model bilingual boy whose mercurial talent on the offset blades of his leather skates set a world record in the 1,000-metre sprint in the lefty town of Davos, Switzerland, in January. But, like many a son, Gaetan does not always live up to expectations.

The world record in Davos preceded Boucher to the men's all-around world speed skating championship, in multi-February in Oslo, Norway. Thirty thousand spectators expected Boucher not only to win the gold medal in the 500 metres, but perhaps skate on through the bigger 1,000, 1,500 and 10,000-metre races on an over-all win and begin to eclipse Eric Heiden, the American world-recordist at last year's Lake Placid Olympics.

But Boucher could do no better than fourth in the Oslo 500 and did not even qualify for the worldup 10,000. "The best race was the 1,500," said Canadian national speed-skate coach Jack Walters with an ironic chuckle. Boucher finished 21st. The chackle would be shared by Boucher and all speed-skate trainers who have long known that the whiplike Boucher does not have the muscle for the all-around distances. He is a sprinter.

So expectations were still great last weekend when Boucher flew south for the world sprint championships on the

rock-hard Anvers de Vitesse, built for the 1968 Winter Olympics in Grenoble, France. "The ice here is fast and it is cold just like it was in Davos," said the 115-lb. Boucher last week while Boucher skated relaxed but impressively fast training laps. Davos, however, sits a kilometre higher than Grenoble, is protected from wind and is usually blessed with sunshine. The championship opened Boucher to an over-stiffening wind and corollary-like speedskates floating out of leaden skies. In his stance for the 500 metres, Boucher's knee shook so much with nervousness that his starter called a false start. The same Dutch starter named a false start by Norway's matchcooled Frode Rønning, who charged to a low-altitude world record while Boucher was fourth, close to three-tenths of a second slower and out of the individual event weekly.

Under more pressure in his true specialty, the 1,000 metres, Boucher false-started again, then got off a dramatically fluid and flying first lap. But a slip on the second, which took a hard touch to steady, widened his total time behind the over-all midway leader Rønning to seven-tenths of a second. Boucher was third over-all because Sergei Khlebnikov, a Soviet with the buttocks and legs of a Japanese sumo wrestler, bore through the flag-stiffening breeze and won the 1,000 metres.

Boucher, a part-time mathematics student, had his position calculated before the Italian-built computer could print it. "I'm 60 one-hundredths behind

Rønning. I'll need two very good races Sunday to win, but I'm a half-second ahead of fourth place so I should still finish in the medals," said Boucher.

He did finish in the medals, but of course not as expected. Paired with Khlebnikov, Boucher fell on the final turn in Sunday morning's 500 metres ending any chance for the overall title. But he recovered to set a track record in winning the 1,000 metres for his first gold medal ever in outdoor competition.

Indeed, despite a reputation for inconsistency, Boucher's medal wins have been remarkably regular, as Walters points out. "He won silver medals behind Heiden three years in a row at the world sprints, he took the silver in the 1,000 at Lake Placid and he won the gold at the world indoors," said Walters. "He won the all-around in Oslo, he was 12th, and this season's we got to enter two skaters in next year's worlds. When you look at it, he does the job for us every time out." Still, one could wish for Boucher the kind of mastery in speed skating he displays over transmutation in the electric games that while away the weeks of a seven-month season, or the completeness of effort he shows in his penchant for mammoth (gigas puzzles) it is thanks to Heiden that one has come to expect dominance in speed skating. Heiden thrashed his way through the sport, moving down not only over-all titles, but winning every race in them. For Boucher, speed skating is more of a meander.

Asked once by a team-mate why he skated, Boucher replied, "It is the feeling through the weeks and you see a trail leading off from the pack. You take the trail because you know eventually it will lead back to the main route, but you are curious to know where the trail goes." Boucher does not see himself getting off the speed-skating trail until at least 1988, the year after the Sarajevo Winter Olympics.

"I'm taking a break next week by going to the world superstars competition in Florida. It will be a rest to compete in something different," says Boucher, who proved the depth of his athletic talent by beating out all football, baseball and hockey stars at the Canadian Superstars. "But then I'll start training for the world indoors in Paris in April. I want to defend my title, and then I'll start dry-land training for next year."

Following Boucher's performance in Grenoble Boucher's performance in Grenoble Sunday, veteran U.S. speed-skating coach Bob Moore said, "Gaetan is still the best skater in the world because he does everything. He skates the Olympic outdoor events, the pack races we have in North America, and he's the world champion indoors. Nobody else can teach him." For Moore and others with a paternal view of Boucher, he remains a boy with great expectations. ◇

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For the record

THE WAY
Steve Lacy
(His Not His)

Like other musicians carrying the "free jazz" thrust into expressive abstraction, soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy finds himself within the paradox of recent jazz's mystical modernism, insulated by a vigorous final break with pop song structures in the 1960s, free just shortly set out after ancient, often religious, forms. *The Way*, an extended work under preparation for a decade, absorbs fits this double album with its script adaptation of the ancient Chinese philosopher Lao-tzu's Taoist texts. The album stands tall as an instance of the ecumenism that underlies so much difficult jazz of the past decade. Freed from music full of Lacy's fantastic improvisations. *The Way* seeks to swallow its own tail and become a calm contemplation of cosmic order. Vocalist/vibist Idris Aber's solemn, husky recitations sound like a child's and the excellent ensemble sets a solid ritual thrust that Lacy's long solos rip these settings to create the sense of vertigo racing through the whole album. Although he may have set his mind to an intuitive search for a jazz version of Tao and ancient Chinese ethics, Lacy can't help giving off body heat twice with movement and emotion.

G. GURDJIEFF: SACRED HYMNS
Keith Jarrett
(ECW/WEA)

Gurdjieff was a free-spirited and sometimes prickish Polish Jew who led a band of faithful Europeans during the earlier part of the century and is best known today as the author of *Mechanism of Human Beings*. His cycle of sacred hymns was first transcribed for piano by the pianist Thomas de Hartmann and 15 of them are treated here with terrific restraint by Keith Jarrett, a jazz pianist famous for his long and flamboyant solo concerts. Extremely short and simple, Gurdjieff's compositions are like staid classical studies filled with a theatrical sense of the sacred which an Anglican bishop might find familiar. But here one senses the eclectic class of Jarrett's usual playing. Lonely notes meander into the heavenly vaults, the rhythms march down an imaginary cathedral aisle without a hint of dance. While some of *Sacred Hymns* sound like razing water, too much of it sounds like Jarrett has imposed a particularly perverse person on himself.

—BART TESTA

A face to lead the way



By Lawrence O'Toole

"A leading man for the '60s?" asks Donald Sutherland in his credit voice. "If you mean like Jimmy Stewart or Gary Cooper, then sure." He leans forward, the corners of his mouth turning up in a smile. "But you know the fantasy role I keep thinking about? Top hat and tails. I've never played anything in tails." Sutherland could probably manage the hat, and the tails and even manual scales if he felt so inclined. His familiar face, elastic and elongated, is as capable as a chameleon. And Donald Sutherland's career. The his face has been no less changeable, having gone through a long run of incarnation's horror-horror in *Dr. Doom*, *My Darling of the Wall*, comic as a look's tear in *M*A*S*H* and *Start the Revolution Without Me*; serious actor working for serious European directors in *Don't Look Now*, 1966 and *Chinatown*, quickie artist in *Bar Island* and *Nothing Personal*, and, finally, as son for the '80s (in its infancy) in *Ordinary People*.

Rutherland's performance as Calvin Jarrett, the upright head of a family splitting apart, a man whose mild manner belies steely emotional reserves beneath, has made him a superstar, and may well win this Nova Scotian an Oscar next month. He has become a romantic idol in the *Amos* Stewart and Gary Cooper tradition: strong, attractive, a little ordinary and dependable. A

Donald Sutherland has spent years being everyone's second choice and suddenly he is everybody's first

woman might pine to spend a night with Bert Reynolds but set her sights on a longer contract with Sutherland. Men sense the ability to handle any problem and like his casual bearing. He represents stability in unstable times. Donald Sutherland's face seems to say "Everything's going to be okay," it's a gift, a handful of actors share with some doctors.

Sutherland's time has come and with it the trappings of a charmed existence: recognition, approval, adulation—all of which he never had but wanted, and worked for, carefully and diligently. Returned to the stage after 16 years, he is making his Broadway debut as well this month as the stricken, obsessed Hamlet Hamlet in Edward Albee's adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's seminal novel, *Invitation to a Beheading*. Suffering from the highly publicized debacle of *Illusions*'s *Gale* and a generally poor press, a hope that Sutherland a new movie, *Eye of the Needle*, in which he plays a cold-blooded Nazi assassin and spy, will turn their fortunes around this summer. Short of raising penises from heaven, life seems to have done all it can for him. But if that sounds as though good fortune is his lot, it isn't. Donald Sutherland has done all he can for Donald Sutherland.

The motivation for Sutherland's staggering success, achieved after years of attention, is rooted in the bizarre territory of adolescence. In addition to battling gangles and ares, unusual urges, he was always, and still is, bothered by the belief that he looks odd. He had Dumbo ears, pugle eyes, a face as long as grandma's bra straps and aging oc-

Every great Caesar has a silent partner.



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It didn't



Suberland in 'M*A*S*H' (left), with Gene Wilder in 'Stand the Revolution Without Me' comic on a movie book's cover



an-fuck-three frame as manageable as a piece of taffy. As a child he constructed poles and, later, spent an entire year in bed with rheumatic fever. He remembers waking his mother during his torments if she thought him good-looking. "No, Dennis," she replied somewhat evilly. "But your face has a lot of character." A face only a mother could love.

The self-conscious Suberland made a private pact that he would make the face and its character an asset, not a liability. Had he to fact been far less noticeable and felt more comfortable with himself, he might have become an engineer as he originally intended. That argument nervous about his looks dictated otherwise. The stage was the platform where an unusual face could become transformed. He gave it a go at the University of Toronto's Elgin Theatre, studied process, and went to England to study and find work. More banishment was heaped upon him as he found his "feeling of home" was exacerbated by his first horror film (jolly little films such as *Castle of the Living Dead*). To add insult to injury, his voice teacher told him she thought he had better pursue another career—something along the lines of truck driving. At the time he asked for a part in a stage play, which called *Time in the Morning*. "They said they wanted someone who looked like the boy next door and that I didn't look like I lived next door to anybody." Now, as he puts it, he looks as if he does next door to everybody. "With Ordinary People, there's a sense of validation about everything I've done."

More tortoise than hare, and constantly turning himself to perform and succeed, Suberland may not have reached the heights he has now. If not for the power of embarrassment to spur him forward. "I remember once running

sack for him, old is beautiful! As an outcasted and rather unimpressive reference book columnist here, he was a "great Christian scholar who became very fashionable at the end of the sixties." His face was right for the moment of the early '70s and their stress on the wild, the oddball and the eccentric. Pundit though his early feeling of inadequacy had been, it served him faithfully when he played the raked denture in *Albino* (1971) and especially the slow-thinking, big-bearded Homer Simpson in *The Day of the Locust* (1975), the gap who could never get a girl. "Oh Homer, oh God," Suberland says afterwards. "Homer is exactly what I was like when I was 16. If it was written as the



With Bianca Baker in 'Lovers' (top right); Bathurst, capable as a chameleon



through the woods as a kid playing some kind of game or other and all the kids get up into the trees and peep on me. I remember coming home and saying, "Mother, they peep on my head." She looked at me as if to say, "I guess anybody would, wouldn't they?" The clearest teen memory I have is wondering how I looked. I would stand in front of the mirror in the bedroom for a long time and try and convince myself I looked better.

Following Suberland's big break in a strange, surreal comedy called *M*A*S*H* (1970), the movie found a

back of a corollaries box. I believed it. When I touched someone, I thought, God was going to strike me dead for it."

Tired of being typecast again, and not fitting into the Hollywood establishment despite the fact that he made an average of two movies a year, Suberland fled to Europe to stretch himself artistically with prestigious director Nicolas Roeg, Bernardo Bertolucci and Federico Fellini. And still he was playing second fiddle, nearly always the second or third choice for a role. Then, during the late '70s, came a period when, with the exception of *Passions of*

the Body Snatchers, he made a number of movies and he didn't know them. Canadian, suddenly he wasn't very bankable. Ordinary People rectified all that. Robert Redford wanted him to play the part of the psychiatrist but Suberland marshalled his persuasive powers to win the role of Jarrytt. "You know," he says, "I've done quite well by being everyone's second choice. I've even been my agent's second choice. He told me he didn't think *Ordinary People* was the movie for me. But I do what I want to always have."

For someone who has spent so much time grieving about the geography of his features, Suberland has been, astoundingly enough, an object of desire for a number of beautiful women. He had a long, love affair with Jane Fonda, in *Maris* (see French-Canadian actress Françoise Rivest, to name another, as the mother of two of his children, Rong T. and Rong T. both named after film directors who are close friends. Suberland is often a model of sartorial splendor, and last month his portrait, a black-and-white close-up by Irving Penn, appeared in *Vogue*. *Squire* saw fit to air his views on women and success as though he were a naive kid. Marc Wimpertum, the 30-year-old actress who comes with him in the now-to-be-released



With Fonda at *Maris*, object of desire

Threshold, in which he plays a heart surgeon and the recipient of an artificial heart, says: "Women enjoy my company because he seems in as the qualities they like best about themselves. He's a sensual, sensitive man. It's what every woman wants." Says an enthusiastic Mary Tyler Moore, his co-star in *Ordinary People*: "He's terribly good-looking and, as they say, possesses a fine body."

As before someone who always felt the need to apologize for himself, Suberland is extremely soft-spoken, so much so that second men have been

known to lodge complaints. His manner is casual in the most enviable sense of the word. Although far from being self-effacing, he has mastered the fine art of listening. "When he's with you," says Mary Tyler Moore, "he's with you 100 per cent." She and Suberland became close, spending their time off the set having dinner and playing *Scrabble*. "I liked you right off the bat, he's that kind of person," she says. To look at him now, this 40-year-old man in the prime



of his life who has a habit of letting his large and graceful hands rest unobtrusively in his lap, you would think a violent thought had never entered him. The only time he became volatile during months of interview was when he saw an astonishing photograph on the cover of a magazine. "Will you look at that?" he fumes, snapping it viciously with the back of his hand.



With Moore in 'Ordinary People'; 'Cannons', study looks like he lives next door

know who I am," he says angrily. It's a corollary he has always agreed to—being ordinary.

But *Ordinary People*, like last year's *Kramer vs. Kramer*, has deeply affected a great portion of society, and has given him more than he bargained for. He has become a kind of priest, presiding by his very presence at staid and self-forgotten values. Strangers came up to him with Rosalind-like overtures, some of them spilling out their reactions to *Ordinary People*, some of them with their life stories in tow. Suberland recalls being approached by a middle-aged woman while filming *Threshold* in Guelph, Ont. "We had two sons as well," she said and went on to relate her story. She was perfectly composed as she narrated it—except for the tears running down her face. I asked a man in the background all the while listening. When she finished he came up to us. It was her husband. He said, "Just like the movie, isn't it? Except we stayed together." And they walked off with their arms around each other.

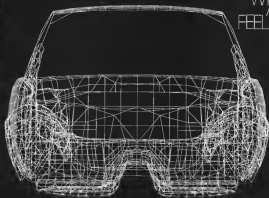
Suberland himself has had unhappy recollections, in particular two failed marriages. He says he is to blame for both: one early in his career; the other with former *NBC* leader Tuesday Weld, daughter of former *NBC* leader Tuesday Weld, by whom he has two sons. "One of the women I was married to was not dissimilar to my character in *Ordinary People*," he says. "She was so delicate and threatened our marriage

for three weeks. Later, Suberland's gifts for crew members have tended to come from Tiffany's and Cartier's (the face making *Ordinary People* was broke, he had been offered a percentage of the high-grossing grosser *Stand the Revolution Without Me* and passed it over for a straight salary). He enjoys his ability to make people feel totally at ease. "People come up to me on the street and now treat me like an ordinary guy, even though they



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With Winnefham in 'Threshold'; with Rong; with Fawcett: a romantic ideal of the Jimmy Stewart tradition—strong and dependable

break up on much the same grounds that Calvin's and Beth's did. The difference was that my personality wasn't quite as strong as Calvin's."

The woman in his life have been made of strong stuff. "Lois and Shirley were both under five feet tall. They were also mind-bogglingly strong women—five-foot terrors." Jane Fonda is no sugar heap either. She and Shirley Douglas, both political activists, were more political than he was, but their reputations rubbed off on him. Sutherland claims his performing personality always outweighed his political one, even when playing to the troops in Vietnam with Fonda in the early '70s. "Practically became one of the same school of forward women. As a couple, they taunt, contradict, argue, they are amazed with each other, their banter reminiscent of a fast-talking romantic comedy from the '30s. I don't know how to explain it," he says with a scholarly smile. "But I have an addiction to these kind of women."

Additive may well be the operative word to describe his personality. Hooky with his career and with his neurotic marriage falling apart, Sutherland took to the bottle with the same gusto he applies to everything else. Anne Prechard, the set designer on *Threshold* and a good friend for many years, remembers those not-so-halcyon days. "During *Act of the Heart* (1970) you could always see Donald with a cigar in one hand and a bottle in the other." When he gave up his bottle-of-scotch-a-day habit he instituted a regimen of jogging to make the most fecal-fueled meal slash in his metabolism.

"I've often wonder what drives this man so much," says John Shea, the producer of *Threshold*. "He has incredible energy. He could just about perform bare strategy now if he wanted to." To prepare for the role of Dr. Truitt in the movie, Sutherland spent weeks of assiduous research on the project, going as far as he could, legally, to learn how to operate. Doctors on the set were taken



snuck watching Sutherland stitch through an artificial heart with the ease of a seasoned sevenside mending a ripped blouse. His expertise allows him a subtle form of control, not overbearing, but nonetheless can his homework—and his newfound status as a superstar—is all the shots. He knows what he is doing and the professional isn't infectious. "He's so thorough," says Mary Tyler Moore. "I feel he owns his co-workers in as deeply as he does, and that's why for them because he's an enigma. They don't mind keeping up their end because they're not threatened."

That control extends into the realm of personal relationships. With the argon of a star, he treats others as though they were stars. "Why don't you sit in my chair. Would you like me to get you some coffee?" On the set, his patience is enough to turn John Green. Last fall in New York after a hard day of promoting *Ordinary People*, Sutherland returned to the home apartment at the Sherry-Sutherland Hotel, with bags

under his eyes and legs that just wouldn't lift anymore. "Practically was readying an asthma bag for an evening at *Four Pies*. Himself, the baby, was happy, barely, nearly enjoying being a baby. Frances's mother, a publicity agent and a journalist were also hanging around. Exhausted, Sutherland attempted to give the impression that he had taken a puff of Valium and was willing to do anything required of him. "Practically kept staring at the children out of his way and gave him a look that seemed to say, 'You're very tired, aren't you? And you don't want to be bothered, do you?'"

"He's not always that patient," says Bobby Warrs, Sutherland's dresser and secretary for two years, hinting at the irritable, darker side Sutherland himself admits that "all the rooting around, living out of suitcases and hotels" has taken its toll. If Lois has a long-run on *Strandmag* (he has signed a seven-month contract) he will stay in New York with Frances and the kids in the apartment they have rented. A family man. "During all those ups and downs," he says, "I've always wanted to stop. I had no time for anything else. I couldn't even allow myself the pleasure of spending time on my boat, or ordering a bottle of champagne."

One thing Sutherland has refused to give up is his love for the *Historical Rap*. As much as Flannery O'Connor loved the downy nose of Lolita's neck, Sutherland loves baseball. A parking fan of the *Rap*, he wanted to buy a piece of them once—"my own personal team." Whereas most young men disappointed with their looks throw themselves into sports as a method of compensation, Sutherland was not so lucky. "I was so much bigger than every other child my age that I ended up hating people. I was a terrible athlete." If he couldn't participate, he could however become a spectator. "The first night I was ever allowed to stay up late was for a Stanley Cup playoff. I can remember so well sitting

in front of the radio and just being joyful. Listening, watching a wonderful game light get out from it." (Remember the scene, doing a better than reasonable imitation of Peter Dinklage, "This is a representation of the real world, sports are better still—they're true entertainment.")

Sutherland rarely sees his own theater views acting as a craft, a job, a contract, to be honored. "I look at the rushes, hardly ever the completion. Pictures never go to see rushes because it would compromise his fantasy. I would be pretentious if I said I didn't go for the same reason, but it's often disturbing to see the finished product. You usually wind up saying 'Yo, shit!'"

The rumors make Sutherland uncomfortable, even a little scared. "When the camera starts to roll there is something of death about it," he says. "I'm always aware of the camera, to the point of being self-conscious. I never know quite how to look at it and I have an inclination to turn away. I can't forget about it. You see, I have to stay pretty well perpendicular to the camera's focal point, if I sample off anywhere past 30° I'm in a lot of trouble—my eyes pop out and the sides of my face fall to the floor." A slight exaggeration, but not surprising from a man who once said, apologizing once, "I have a certain discomfort. Calmness, and I am one and pready on,



With Katie Melrose in 'Eye of the Needle', attraction to those who love a great deal

are forever apologizing for themselves like as though being *Canadian* is the original sin. But it's a little isn't it?"

For Sutherland it is a style very finely tuned. One morning last fall at one of New York's hair salons he ordered waffles and an cream for breakfast. The waiter looked at him in surprise, as if to say, "Here's another one for the boss at Bellevue." About to walk away, Sutherland arrested him with an attention. "And I'd like a brown paper bag please—one to carry my bag."

As an actor, Sutherland won't apologize for his feelings about his work

"I have certain little skills that I use. I had certain talent to begin with. An intuitive sense of when in the right thing to do, unconsciously in front of the camera. All I had when I started out was emotion. I didn't have any intellect with respect to acting. That I learned through a lot of self-discipline."

It's not surprising that, lately, Sutherland has sought roles besetting hubris, intense emotional states. "I've always been attracted to characters," he says, "who love someone a great deal. Calvin Jarrett loved his family, Hamlet. Hamlet loved Lolita, even the woman's downfall in *Eye of the Needle* is brought about by his falling in love with a woman. That's the role I'd always seek out. For me it will always be a catalyst for feelings, and in some cases a way to play out the feelings I once had."

At a reception last month honoring the National Film Board held at New York's Museum of Modern Art, Sutherland towered, literally and figuratively, over everyone else. Women were doing little dances of delight, giving it to him from afar. There was a whispered recital of *Ordinary People*, *Ordinary People* in the air, inspired by his celebrated presence. For the people in the room, Donald Sutherland had become the symbol of constancy, the one state he had imagined and longed for. ☐

Opening Night

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Picture postcards

THE DOGS OF WAR
Directed by John Irvin

SPELUNK
Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner

THE KATZBERGS
Directed by Peter Collinson

Most of us went to the movies when we were kids to break out of the radius of sentiment we lived in. As we grow older we may have found other, more complex reasons to sit in darkened theatres, but the pull of the faraway and strange always remained. The movies were, and are, the cheapest, easiest way to cruise the world. Attempting to lure us with exotic locales, film makers have never given up sending out brochures, mainly recast for Africa, Egypt and Australia.

The Dogs of War is set in a small West African country sitting on rich deposits of platinum. Strapping at nothing, an American corporation wants a mine-



Down in Egypt, have Nils, should travel

erary forces led by Christopher Walken to oust the corrupt tyrant and replace him with another who will sign over the country's resources. If you ever wanted to find out how to engineer a coup to a degree approaching *Barbarella*, *The Dogs of War* is your movie. Obsessed with detail and random spurts of action at the expense of character development and narrative, the film uses the also-terrible as a picture postcard entertainment to bridge the gap between endless bits of information.

Egypt, in *Spelunk*, is used more as a commodity, but it is a little late to esch-

in on the Tat cruise. A real howler with a convoluted plot (corps, mutinies, bombs, the black market) is *Exodus* as a far east in summer, it's the heartiest laugh from the movies as far this year. The put-upon heroine, a budding Egyptologist played by Lesley-Ann Down, has been put in more peril than Pinocchio, followed by earthquakes, narrowly escaping rape, crawling through tunnels, falling in love (with Frank Langella) and finally having everything fall down on her ears. Throughout all that she manages to look lovely at all times.

If *Spelunk* can be generously likened to a tourist bus ride along the Nile, *The Eborians* is a voyage across a living room floor. Set in the vast Australian outback, it tells the story of a youngster (Greg Schrodor) learning to survive and an older (William Holden) learning to connect emotionally with him. Schrodor (*The Champ*), who has become a one-boy industry of cuteness, now apparently thinks he can take away business from the Qantas koola bear. Rather than overpower *His Country's* efforts, the outback somehow betrays them.

These three movies, each so empty conceived and executed, are all locale and message to turn evokes into error. Together, they have produced nothing more than a festival of pains.

—LAWRENCE O'CONNOR

ARCHEOLOGY

Excavations of the entrepreneurial kind



The view from Calgary's Nose Hill is spectacular. The isolated granite outcrops overlook the city to the southeast and is flanked by the Rocky Mountains to the west. This spring, bulldozers will begin clearing the land to turn Nose Hill into a residential subdivision. But many of the future homeowners may be surprised to know that before development begins, a more delicate form of excavation is in process: an archaeological team is digging a site on the edge of the outcrops, taking redoubtable dates on any discovered stone tools and preparing to report on the site's archaeological value.

This archaeological exploration is not unique but is part of a growing trend in modern archaeology: the rise of the independent archaeological consulting firm. With the passage of archaeological impact legislation by the provinces in the past few years, private developers, corporations and government agencies are required to report to the provincial authorities on the archaeological worth of a site before being given bulldozer clearance for projects such as highways or roads.

The new heritage legislation created a sense of relief among archaeologists who for years had watched helplessly as buildings and projects went up on land that might have held important clues to the past. But the relief didn't last long. University archaeologists not only were unable to fill the increased demand, but were ill-prepared to conduct searches quickly enough to accommodate devel-

Reeves (right) after archeology has moved into the contractor ranks



Cham (right); Downitt: 'There's always a nagging fear that it doesn't fall off'

opers who were anxious to get their projects under way. The result: archaeology moved from the haunts of academics into the commercial realm.

So far, there are at least 30 independent firms across the country—more than half of them in Alberta. Barry Reeves, president of Lifeways of Canada Ltd., the outfit investigating Nose Hill, says these Alberta consultants generate an annual business volume of \$1.2 million. It is not unusual for Lifeways, for example, to have about 25 projects in the works simultaneously, ranging from one-day, \$1,000 "look-overs" to \$100,000, five-month field programs. Says Jim Cham of Montreal's Archaeology Unlimited: "There's a lot of

archaeology to be done." So much that his firm and others are branching out of the strict assessment function into historical research. Archaeology Unlimited, which earned \$10,000 in contracts last year, is currently excavating French-regime buildings in Quebec City for the provincial ministry of cultural affairs—a type of project that, in the past, would have probably gone to a university.

This situation has not endeared independent consultants to the university archaeology departments. The professors claim they need historical projects for their students and to keep their departments solvent. But one of the problems with giving contracts to universities, says Cham, is that they supply clients with the results at their own pace: "It's still basically an academic exercise to them." For their part, university archaeologists feel their domain is being threatened not only in terms of the traditional pure academic fringe of the archaeologist but, quite literally, and more seriously, in terms of the land.

There is a real concern that many of the bulldozer clearance assessments are superficial, simply documenting the land without considering the basic research objectives of cultural archaeology preservation. "There's always a nagging fear when you get the report that



maybe it doesn't tell all," says Bruce Downitt, chairman of Ontario's archaeological assessment licensing board and professor of archaeology at the University of Toronto. No one—not even the contract consultants themselves—denies that the clients would prefer that nothing be found. From a planning standpoint, the discovery of a large Huron village buried under a future major highway can be a time- and money-consuming nuisance. "You'd probably have to find the equivalent of King Tut's tomb," says Cham, "before anyone would actually consider not putting in a dam."

Professor Downitt's fears are not unfounded. In Ontario, government

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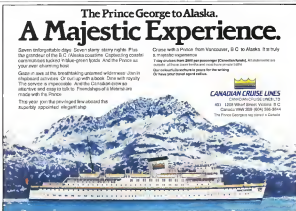
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Fladmark: concern over the heritage

archaeologists do not routinely go out to check for themselves on the consultants' reports. In BC, there is no minimum information requirement other than reporting a site. Desautels says the problem also lies in the fact that a consultant may not know until one week before that he has been awarded a contract, and then the work has to be done quickly. "So there is a danger, simply because of this time pressure, of minimizing what's there and overlooking the significance of the material found."

Academics are also worried about the new commercial aspect. "I'm not putting anything down," says Krist Fladmark, associate professor of archaeology at Simon Fraser University in BC, "but a firm that is making a living out of this is not always going to have as its highest priority the heritage of the country. Making money is going to come first." But Beeson, who is also a professor of archaeology at the University of Calgary, has a different perspective. "We do things the academics wouldn't touch," he says. "One of the benefits of contract work is that we're learning a lot more about the archaeology of Canada."

If the initial assessment of Calgary's New Hill is any indication, archaeological consultants may be rewarded. Lefew says has discovered evidence of the existence of human life dating back 1,800 years as well as 1,000-year-old spear tips. This discovery leaves little doubt that the area holds important archaeological information about what life was like in the northwest.

Given Beeson's time constraints, he will have to be content to gather as much information as he can about the excavation before the bulldozers move in. However, he is philosophical about the limitations. "You don't have to know everything about a site to predict what went on there," he says. "It's like Gallup polls. The work will be sufficient—accidentally."

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Car in which six people died in Woodstock accident: a need for more education

The law unbuckles

The problems of enforcing seat belt legislation

The two cars crashed head-on during an early spring blizzard in April, 1976, near Woodstock, Ont. All six people in one car were killed, four were wearing seat belts. In the other vehicle, the riders were belted and survived, only to face charges of not buckling up. With seat belts now becoming an legislative inevitability to enforce, the widely publicized accident was a nightmare to safety officials who were promoting the slogan SEAT BELTS SAVE LIVES.

In January, a coroner's inquest into the accident confirmed that seat belts indeed hold the lives of three women in the backseat. The jurors concluded that lap belts "induced" the deaths of the three passengers, but primarily because they were wearing bulky winter coats and the belts had either been improperly placed across their abdomens or were too loosely fastened. Hence the recommendations of the inquest support Ontario's mandatory seat belt legislation, but urged more public education on the proper adjustment of seat belts and research into a better type of safety harness for backseat passengers.

Nevertheless, the Woodstock inquest has urged seat belt defenders who feel the government has no place meddling severely around the hips of the coven, especially if law enforcers can levy tickets mercilessly at will. "If I don't wear a seat belt, how the hell am I damaging the public at large?" asks Eric Higgins of Woodford, Ont., a purchasing agent who is waging a personal war against seat belt legislation. "If I have an acci-



Woman (above), bigger no reason to hold a gun to drivers' heads



dent, I'm the one who's going to suffer. The law is completely unenforceable." Attitudes like Higgins' were common when Canada's first mandatory seat belt legislation was introduced in 1976 by Ontario (Quebec, Saskatchewan and B.C. soon followed suit). When the number of traffic fatalities decreased after the initial enforcement of the new law,

positive results alienated the opposition. Bel critics in beginning again, as the legislation shows its shortcomings. "In jurisdictions where they introduced seat belt legislation, the wearing rate was very high—about 90 per cent," says Dr. Herb Simpson, executive director of the Traffic Injury Research Foundation in Ottawa. "Over time, these wearing rates have dropped off dramatically, for example to 50 per cent in Ontario. We're convinced that you can legislate and you can enforce, but there comes a point where there are real diminishing returns in doing so." And the enforcers may contribute to the effectiveness of the law. Says Ray Warren, director of research for the foundation, "There is definitely trepidation on the part of the police about enforcing seat belt laws against basically law-abiding citizens—a group that isn't radically against societal and community values."

Seat belts have proven to be such a dilemma for police that convictions for failing to buckle up dropped 52 per cent in Ontario between 1978 and 1979, while traffic fatalities in the corresponding period rose 13 per cent. But seat belt use is only one factor among many (including speed limits, liquor regulations and climate conditions) affecting the death rate. "The year we had a major drop in fatalities is precisely with seat belt legislation there was a corresponding drop in those that didn't," says Paul Oudekirk, a researcher for Transport Canada's safety branch. "So we didn't know what to make of it."

Beyond the proud faces of individuals who insist on their democratic right to be jettisoned through their own windshield, there are many who simply find seat belts a nuisance, and others who have psychological blocks about preparing for disaster. "People don't want to contemplate being involved in an accident," says Lawrence Lerner, safety co-ordinator manager with Ontario's ministry of transportation and communications.

The problems of enforcement clearly indicate the need for complementary educational programs. Safety experts are nearly unanimous in their opinion that properly used seat belts can save lives, the problem is getting people to use them. As Ray Warren explains, "The positive system may not be the best way of educating people about their own safety, although it may have some modest effect. If people really believe that seat belts will protect them, they'll wear them. There's a human instinct for self-preservation, like slowing down on icy roads. I'm not convinced that you have to hold a gun to their heads to make them realize it's in their best interest to buckle up."

Work done from Greg Rickard and Ann Rabinovitch

BEHAVIOR

The quest for a golden hare

From Tokyo, Rome, Vancouver and Auckland the treasure hunters come, drawn by the lure of gold and rubies, turquoise and mother-of-pearl. They have been known to scale the mast of the Cutty Sark at Greenwich, say "the true gold between the North Wall and the Victoria brass" in Westminster Abbey and founder on the rocky cliffs of Cornwall. All have been brought to their ready destinations through various degrees of obsession with a picture book entitled *Maquerside*.

Written and illustrated by British



Jack, here in 'Maquerside' provoking various degrees of obsession

artist Kit Williams, *Maquerside* tells the story of a hare who is entrusted with the task of delivering a gift of love from the Moon to the Sun but manages to lose the valuable present. Which would be the end of the story were it not for the fact that the lost treasure—a 545-ounce hare fashioned by Williams from precious metals and jewels worth up to \$50,000—is real, and the chase to its whereabouts can be found within the pages of the book.

Since *Maquerside* was first published in November, 1979, it has not only been a public phenomenon worldwide. The commercial success of the book, coupled with the British press' continuing fasci-



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action with reporting the more bizarre endeavors of the thousands of treasure hunters that has generated a noisy controversy that belies *Masquerade's* seeming innocuousness.

Among the enemies of the book's hero, Jack Hare, are landowners who are beleaguered by a flow of treasure hunters attracted to property that resembles Williams' illustrations. Cherry-Jane Kest, curator of the Museum of Childhood in Derbyshire, which is anatomically rendered in the book, speaks of "the damage done to the grounds by people armed with crossbows and the countless inquiries after golden hoons." Another group, although also disapproving of *Masquerade*, might be Kest's driving power the church. More than one village parish has voted his content about families of parishioners who have traded in their Bible and Sunday service for spades and a digger in the woods.

As if the wrath of God were not enough, *Masquerade* has come up against the moral indignation of certain reviewers. Elaine Moss, writing in the British daily *Sunday*, said that "the sales gimmick that accompanied the launching of this book and continues to sell it is as odious."

Moss's fears that the treasure hunts behind the book will lead to a wave of exploitation recently found affirmation



Williams' treasure before burial's a controversy beneath an innocent tale

in Ottawa. In January, the Ottawa Citizen, as part of a promotion campaign inspired by *Masquerade*, ran a series of daily surveys in which the attentive and cautious reader could find clues as to the location of eight gold vessels (worth about \$5,500) that were hidden "somewhere in the Ottawa area." But the Citizen wasn't as obscure as Williams: after four days, the prize was won by a Carleton University student. The clues to the second version of the

promotion are more sophisticated. "This time, we are being more devious," says Ben Habelovsky, Citizen promotion manager. "There are more red herrings. I've found it's easy to manipulate people and send them all over the city. When they reach the locations, they often find that symbols of people have had the same idea."

But for every disgruntled property owner, lonely priest and wary critic, *Masquerade* has a thousand fans — its readers. An enthusiastic example is Ken Ruben, assistant managing editor of *Sports Illustrated*, who equipped himself "with a saw upon from Marks & Spencer and a bagful" and made *Masquerade* "an interesting and entertaining part of a vacation trip to England."

The enjoyment that Ruben and countless others derive from *Masquerade* is shared by its author, Williams. Described by his New York publishers as "wonderful from the tips of his hand-painted green shoes to his and beard to his two eyes which look off in opposite directions," Williams is amused by the seriousness that has come to surround his creation. With tongue in cheek, he quotes the last two lines from *Masquerade*: "The best of men is only a man at best, and a hare, as everyone knows, is only a hare."

—SHONA MCKAY



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BOOKS

Finger on the pulse of a human mosaic

FLOWERS OF DARKNESS

by Matt Cohen
(McClelland & Stewart, \$15.95)

Drinking heavily but to no effect after lunch one mild February day, George Mandowski, the 37th in command and propagator of Mandowski's General Store, hears what sounds like a scream from an abandoned church. He investigates and is shaken to discover Nellie Wilson, his young clerkship girl, naked and expiring in the embrace of Gordon Finch, the audacious, self-confident minister of the community's Protestant Church of the New Age.

Then begins Matt Cohen's fine study of intercourse from desire and denial to and near the fictional town of Salem, Ont. It's the fourth novel he has set in Salem and he announces it will probably be the last. I am sorry there won't be more. Though divided in mood and texture from its predecessors, *Flowers of Darkness* in fully their match as mature and intriguing fiction.

The topography—lakes, hills, rivers as landscapes—will be familiar to Cohen's readers, but the principal figures in the landscape will not. In the beginning, at least, there seems more an urban than a rural book. Finch and his beautiful crippled wife, Maureen, live on a farm, and so does Mandowski, but Salem, with its social routines, business dealings and gossip, seems the controlling force in their lives. And Annabelle Jamieson, whose summer-long affair with Finch is the soul of the novel, has come from Ottawa with her husband, Allen, only recently (they have chosen the town for its acquired local character).

As the story develops, however, the values of land and place reaffirm their strength, and the significance of rootsness, for good and bad, becomes evident. Even Annabelle is allowed to understand: "It had been her idea to move to a small town, but now the small town had moved into her." With Gordon Finch, Cohen attempts for the first time in his Salem novels a truly heroic, larger-than-life main character. The son of the previous minister, the Rev. "Bub" Finch, Gordon is physically imposing, exotically and sexually fascinating, his senses if not guided, straggling to "pass through the knot at the centre of his own life" gen-



Cohen strong, deeply felt adult fiction

erate the novel's considerable energies. The two people collectively are important, too. When Annabelle, a prettier, works faithfully at a mosaic of recognizable human shapes, she's trying to represent the life of Salem. Her figures are from different professions relying on no other surface but each other, "a dance 'unbearably intermingled and clear'."

As all of these lines start to sort themselves out, the reader is aware of a firm plot and a tightly constructed narrative structure. There's a feel of inexorability, of tragedy impending in the season's term. The book attains an almost classical economy: half a dozen scenes centre stage, ritual epigrams, flashbacks, confrontations, chorale voices to move the story along. Cohen writes lyrical, wide-open, yet matter-of-factly sure and virginal prose, as if tuned to natural harmonies and rhythms. "The night smell of the farm, the sound of wind moving slowly through the leaves." He can construct memorable scenes a bloody evening with Annabelle as nearly overwhelmed witness, an afternoon thunderstorm in February, and Annabelle becomes lover, the catastrophe that tears the end of the novel. As always, Cohen is a careful observer of the particularizing physical features, the unique quality of skin, muscle or bone that reveals a person's soul.

Cohen's people live in a world filled to the brim with consciousness, with

dreams, daydreams, fantasy, the imagination at work in its many forms. The dubious gift of memory, with all the perceptions and judgments about the linked past and present it implies, belongs to each of his characters. And such is granted his own scale of consciousness, so that Annabelle's beguiling story is balanced by Mandowski's happy-child palace, and by Finch's fastidious but self-justification. When insights come, they assess the property of the characters, if Cohen speaks at all, he speaks through them, not about them.

This book refreshes the physical reality of everyday life in recent years. Cohen has written our most consistently sexual fiction. Each of his novels has an erotic pulse of its own, nowhere is it stronger than in this book. When his characters take risks, in ordinary or extreme situations, they put their bodies and their sexuality, not just their ideas, on the line. With Finch, Cohen has created the most assertively sexual of his characters, one who takes the wildest chances and dares the longest fall.

This concentration upon the body's ways underlines the action of the novel, as well. Something is always happening with these characters, usually physical, sometimes violent, often out-of-control. There is a note of sting for the loss of strength and health and love's possibilities, amor gruppulus, now frustratingly, sadly, beyond reach. Cohen respects his people, is moved by them, can laugh with them. *Flowers of Darkness* is a strong, deeply felt, adult work of fiction.

—DOUGLAS HILL

MCCLELLAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Covenant, Michael* (3)
- 2 *The Key to Rebecca, Follet* (3)
- 3 *Firestarter, King* (3)
- 4 *The Island of Africa, Simonson* (2)
- 5 *Reign of Angels, Chabon* (2)
- 6 *Come Pour the Wine, Freeman* (2)
- 7 *Adamant, Maclean* (2)
- 8 *Yankee Joe, Maclean* (2)
- 9 *Earthly Powers, Burgess* (2)
- 10 *Source Material, Ludlum*

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Northern Map, Guyot* (3)
- 2 *Crisis Incoming, Quayle* (3)
- 3 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, Zenger* (3)
- 4 *The Omega, King* (3)
- 5 *Comes, Seaton* (3)
- 6 *The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, Erwin* (3)
- 7 *The Montreal Canadiens, Maclean* (3)
- 8 *The Little Innkeepers, Sigurd* (3)
- 9 *The Coming Currency Collapse, Seaton* (3)
- 10 *In the Skin of Lion, Atiles*

(3) Bestsellers

(1) Previews last week

That long distance feeling

HAPPY END
Music and lyrics by Kurt Weill and
Berndt Brecht
Directed by Bill Glasco and Felix Mark

It all looks promising. Felix Mark's entrancing puppets (16 in all) immediately capture the essence of the characters they portray. Bill Glasco's a paragon of men in chains and black leather, while the warm heart beating under Voltaire's Army Lieutenant Lil Hahday's severe blue tunic is reflected in her yearning blue-eyed face. Arranged in the background behind the puppet

History manipulated by Tom Miller, Jean McDuff, Barbara-Cat Likas, CBC sports



manipulators are stationed spotlights, an overboard projector and four triumphal Coleridge singers thumping over drinks—no doubt about it, this exotic display at Toronto's Tarragon Theatre (co-producers Theatre Calgary and Vancouver Road Cultural Centre) will see it in the spring; leaves Punch and Judy far behind. The tale is solid music: here Lil and Bill fall in love, are ostracized by their respective puppet peers only to be reunited, one and all, under the banner of social betterment. Then, with all its promised and delivered pleasures, does this Happy End manage to remain only intermittently entertaining?

The problems start with the script. At first glance, replacing human actors with inanimate figures seems ideal for a Brecht play considering his concern that, if the audience identified too strongly with the emotional turmoil of an individual actor, the more important (from Brecht's Marxist perspective) social contexts and issues would be ignored. Denying the audience personal identification through so-called "alienation" effects such as songs and commentary presents no difficulties if the story is powerful. But this Broadway-style adaptation isn't and attention stays between Weill's blackboard mathematics (specially delivered by Sherry Ford, Charlotte Moore, Judith Orban and Phyllis Walker, who also read the parts). Although the scene is set in Chicago's gangster era, time and place are "distanced" as well by extraneous modern and antiquarianisms ("Get your gun in gear") and stage business (business-as-usual bites and spoils of the CEC).

So we're left with the puppets. Although the manipulators are masters of debauch, it's not always clear which puppet is talking. And since most of the characters are male and the singer/speakers are female, with limited ranges of masculine intonation, there's little help here either. Directors Glasco and Mark have opted for motion in the puppets' actions and achieve some fine effects. Lil trembling and relapsing in despair, Bill wiping away a begrudging tear. But generally the staging is unconvincing and at times self-defeating: why make audience involvement with the puppets doubly difficult by spotlighting the singers in a torchy number like *Shoreham's delusion*? Alienation as a theatrical technique readily degenerates into fragmentation without a vital unifying force, and this production is ultimately neither Brecht nor Weill, neither social comment nor nature. Its final socialist rallying cry, "Robbing a hawk's no crime compared to robbing one's wings below, an afterthought that speaks volumes about what could have been said before."

—MARK CHARNICK

DANCE

Two wrongs nearly make a right



McCreedy, Gracis' cannot sustain idea

Just days before the world premiere of the Theatre Ballet of Canada earlier this month, artistic director Lawrence Gracis coolly pronounced reticent values for his new Ottawa-based 10-dancer troupe. "I think," Gracis confessed, "I closed my eyes at this point. I couldn't fail. It has nothing to do with the artistic content of the company. But the support of people who want this to happen is incredible." Far from blustering, Gracis was acknowledging how Ottawa society, from the Canada Council to the wealthy Rockcliffe set, has taken to the notion of having its very own ballet company. Its acceptance was assured early on. Cells

France, founder and former director of the National Ballet, had presented Theatre Ballet to an enthusiastic group at a November tea and reinforced this support with a letter de art. Harold Schiff, the British high commission's home. On opening night at the National Arts Centre, these social courtesies worked to draw, among others, Pierre Trudeau and Chief Justice Bora Laskin, the only thing lacking was a papal blessing.

For many, the reception was almost too good to be true, particularly since Theatre Ballet represents the merger of two small, obscure and troubled dance companies—the Toronto-based and critically spurned Ballet Ya, arguably the worst in Canada, and Gracis' own respected but financially ruined Montreal troupe, *Ensemble Six*. In late 1978, the board and administration of Ballet Ya decided to shock their many artistic rivals, renamed themselves Theatre Ballet and started to look for a new director. Coincidentally, Gracis' *Ensemble Six* failed after the unexpected death of its administrator, Gracis' wife, Jacqueline Lemieux. On the advice of France, Theatre Ballet hired Gracis as director and resident choreographer.

It turned out there was much to justify the intense social and critical interest in Theatre Ballet's premiere. The company possessed an outstanding visual quality, thanks to the Montreal atelier of Françoise Barbeau. In *Probité*, the harvest-gold dresses of the women matched an overhazy suspension that looked like a fabulous apocryphal dream of ancient ship sails. The dances included intricate acrobatics and a clean, expansive technique. Carolyn McCredy and Betsy Carson are particular assets.

Choreographically, Gracis varied the mood of the four short works, from the smooth balletic tones of *Probité*, through the loose improvisations of *Ann Garden*, to the harsh *Révolutions*. Inexplicable with its windmill arms,

Jocelyn, dance interrupted by little jokes



providing automatic gestures and metallic faces. But there was a serious negative similarity running throughout the program, rooted in Gracis' seeming inability to sustain an idea. (Some of the works, in fact, were shorter than the intermissions.) In *Ann Garden*, set to Debussy, Gracis' *Ensemble* appeared to be packing meandering music with equally meandering images. In *Révolutions*, he interrupted the ballet with little jokes: dancer Michel Jodoin semi-crawled in and out, and then cutely mirrored to the audience's laughs. It was this irritating disavowal of logical flow that tended to

undermine the fine qualities of the troupe.

As the company travels across Canada this year and considers plans to tour the U.S. and China in 1982, this flaw may not present problems for dance-starved audiences who will see Theatre Ballet only once every two or three years. But as a resident company that has to mount regular Ottawa seasons, Theatre Ballet will have to look for more varied choreographic fare to keep its high-powered patrons from spending their cultural nights elsewhere.

—JOHN AYME

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